

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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OTELIA CLAYTON;

OR,

THE FORSAKEN BRIDE.

BY MISS A. E. DUPUY.

AUTHOR OF THE "COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD," "HUGENOT EXILES," ETC.

(Commenced in No. 71.)

CHAPTER IV.

ARTHUR CLAYTON rode far and fast on that memorable day, scarcely conscious of the speed to which he urged his noble horse; for the workings of his own mind rendered him heedless of outward circumstances. The events of the last forty-eight hours appeared to him as a hideous dream, from which he would gladly awake. Severed for ever from the only beings to whom he was allied by blood; thrown upon the wide, wide world to make or mar his own fortunes, with the secret consciousness of the tie that bound him to his cousin clinging as an incubus to his soul, he felt as if for him hope and happiness had alike vanished from that panorama of life, which the gay visions of youth had so lately tinted with brightest hues.

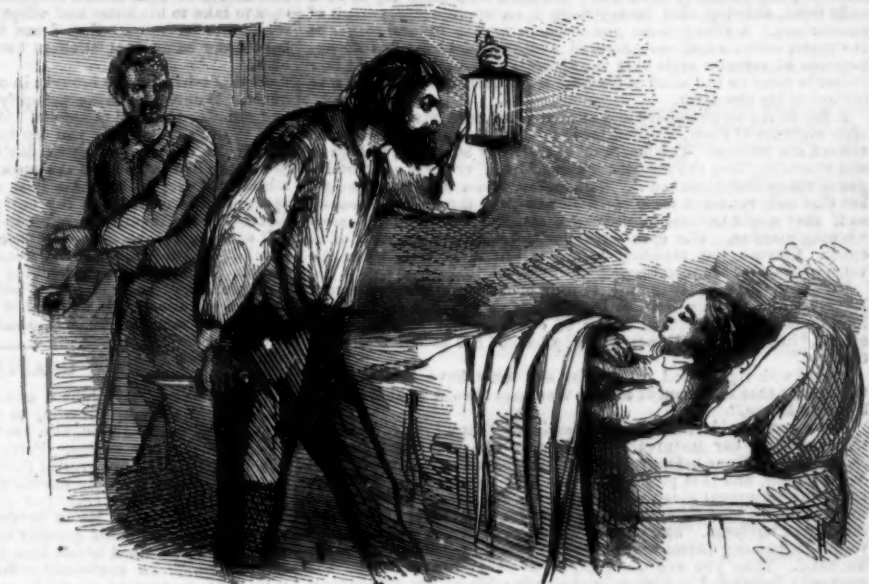
Clayton scarcely had a definite object in view: to leave the Park and its inmates as far as possible behind him was for the present his only thought: vague dreams of doing something—of becoming great if he could not be happy, floated through his mind; but as yet there was nothing tangible. He knew that he possessed courage, talent, and energy, which, in the race before him, were of more value than inherited lands or gold, especially if they must be purchased at such a price as that his kinsman would have exacted; but just at the present crisis he could not see exactly how they were to be brought fairly into play; something whispered to his rebellious spirit—

"Patience, and the path will be made plain before you in good time. A resolute soul must make its way, spite of every obstacle that may intervene."

He spurred his jaded steed onward—onward with this self-sustaining thought, until the noble animal refused, from sheer exhaustion, to proceed further. Aroused from his pre-occupation of mind, Arthur looked around, and for the first time that day his senses took cognizance of his surroundings. He found himself in a rugged valley girdled in by high mountains, with a narrow streamlet rushing through it, foaming and brawling against the obstructions in its way. Day was declining, and its last rosy flush was bathing the summits of the everlasting hills in soft light, soon to fade away as do all the bright things of earth.

Clayton surveyed the scene with dismay; he knew that he had missed his way, for he had vaguely intended to ride to Madison, and take the stage-coach from that place to Richmond. What his further course would be he left time and accident to determine; for he felt as a waif on the river of life, at the mercy of every wave that swept him onward. He dismounted, and, leading his horse, pursued the abrupt windings of the rough pathway until a sudden bend revealed a narrow bridge, rudely built of the stones of which so plentiful a supply lay scattered around.

"This must lead to something," thought the traveller, who now began to feel as if supper would be very welcome after his long ride. He looked keenly around for evidences of cultivation,



"In the silence of midnight a strange scene was enacted beside the couch of the sleeping Clayton."

and soon descried a patch of ground in a cleft between the hills, which bore traces of human care. A small field of corn and pumpkins was before him, and a few yards further on, resting against the hill side and scarcely distinguishable from it, was a cabin built of rough logs, with the bark, brown with age, still clinging to them. The spaces between them were filled with earth, which pains seemed to have been taken to cover with moss; and a rustic portico was erected in front, wreathed with wild creepers from the forest, which threw a wealth of scarlet flowers over its humble roof. The house seemed to be divided into two rooms, in each of which was a square window filled with glass, on which the last rays of sunlight were now reflected from the mountain side. A small yard in front, with a few cedar trees clustered together in a sombre group, completed the picture.

Glad of an asylum for the night, which was rapidly closing around him, Clayton fastened his horse to the low fence made of rails piled on each other in a zigzag fashion peculiar to this land of wild woodland, and approached the house. The door stood ajar, and he knocked twice ere a voice bade him enter. As he presented himself before the occupant, a cheerful greeting met him, though the giver of it appeared surprised at his appearance. He arose and extended his hand, as he said—

"You're welcome, stranger; though it's not often that such as you seem to be find their way to this out o' the way place. Got lost, I dare say, or I shouldn't have



"Arthur Clayton rode far and fast on that memorable day, scarcely conscious of the speed to which he urged his noble horse; for the workings of his mind rendered him heedless of outward circumstances."

had the pleasure of your company in the 'cot beneath the hill.' The speaker was a tall, middle-aged man, with bushy hair and whiskers, once black, but now thickly sprinkled with the frosts of approaching winter, though his frame was strong and sinewy as that of one scarcely verging toward the autumn of his days. His eyes were dark, bright and piercing, and his address that of a man who had evidently passed his earlier life far from the rustic associations which now surrounded him.

"Your surmise is correct," replied Clayton; "I have lost my way, and welcomed your roof as an oasis in the desert of rocks and mountains in which I have completely bewildered myself."

"Half-starved too, I dare say," replied the host, "unless you were thoughtful enough to bring something in your valise which might answer for a lunch; the settlements in these knobs are not very plenty, and a man might ride for days without seeing a home-stead, unless, like you, he happened to stumble on some little shealing in the hills. Be seated, sir, while I send my old man to see after your horse; of course, as he has had all the labor of your day's journey, you can wait for your supper till he has had his."

"Most willingly, and many thanks for thinking first of my faithful friend. He is indeed weary, and needs attention, and I was about to ask where I could shelter him for the night?"

"Right—right, youngster. It sometimes happens to a man that his horse and his dog are the only faithful friends he can claim. That state of things teaches him the brute humanities, and he's not apt to forget them afterwards. You see I have graduated in that school, and you may trust your horse to me and old Sambo, the best and most single-hearted old Cuffee that ever lived, or he would not have stuck to me like a burr, through all the ups and downs of my life."

"This man has a history," thought Clayton, as his host disappeared through a door in the rear of the apartment, which seemed to lead into the heart of the hill itself, against which the cottage abutted. He looked around the room in which he sat with some surprise at the objects which met his view in this wild spot. The walls were rough and unplastered, but they were festooned with leaves from the autumn forest, gathered when their hues were brightest, and covered with a thin coat of varnish to preserve them. These were arranged with sea-weed shells and fragments of coral, in a brilliant mosaic, which would have given an air of elegance to the most stately saloon in the land. A guitar hung beside the window, and above it was a picture of cabinet size, exquisitely finished, representing a youthful woman in a court dress of the time of Louis XV., with her hair turned back in a high roll on the top of her head, and profusely powdered. An open herbarium lay upon a rude table, showing that botany formed an appropriate pursuit of the recluse. A young cedar tree stood in a vase in one corner of the room, with its branches covered with stuffed birds, and an expression of surprise stole over the visitor's face as he thought how versatile must be the mind of his host if his surroundings were true indices of his character.

A few books on chemistry and mathematics were lying about; but after a glance at them, Clayton turned with a singular fascination toward the picture. The face was not strictly beautiful, though it was charming from the mingled expression of vivacity and intelligence which distinguished it. The features were slightly irregular, but that only rendered them more piquant, and the rosy lips looked as if they might unclose to utter the sweetest things in the most winning manner. The eyes were dark, beautifully set and full of spirit. Clayton was standing before it lost in reverie, when the voice of his host aroused him.

"Falling in love with my grandmother's picture, stranger? Rather a loss of time that, so I would advise you not to look too long upon even the painted image of one who was known as the siren of her day—for all men who approached her bowed before her charms."

"And with right good reason, for she must have been passing fair. Pity that the doom of earth's creatures should be shared by a being so lovely."

"She was considered even more fascinating than lovely, for if you will examine her features critically you will see many defects. Madeline La Tour belonged to the Republican Court in the days of Washington, and that picture was taken in a fancy dress she wore at an entertainment given to the officers of the French fleet previous to their return to their native land, after our great struggle for freedom was completed. She was the daughter of one of the most distinguished among them, who elected to remain with her American husband. Thus you see the portrait of an aristocratic belle has naturally descended to a place in the rude cabin of her descendant, showing the mutations of fortune in a land where the law of primogeniture does not exist."

Clayton surveyed his host with curiosity; he said—
"It is chance and not necessity which has placed you in this secluded spot?"

"Somewhat of both, mixed with a bitter disgust toward that hollow mockery called society among the educated and fashionable. I have tested everything that life offers to him who has wealth and health wherewith to purchase and enjoy. The former was exhausted in prodigal expenditure, the latter impaired until the free life of the mountains was found necessary to restore something of its former vigor. I came to the great mother, Nature, and she made me whole. No marvel is it, then, that I should cling to the freedom of the forest, and find in it excitement and variety enough for the remnant of days left to me."

"You have at least learned philosophy," replied the young man, with a smile. "You were fortunate in having no ties that could prevent you from following your own wishes in thus secluding yourself."

A change passed rapidly over the face of the elder, and he muttered—

"Ties! ties! I had them, but they fell away from me with the loss of wealth—all, save one—I have been true to my child, and now she is old enough to act as all the rest have done, I shall wisely save myself the pang of being deserted by putting her from me."

Arthur caught the sense of his words, and his surprise was not lessened by their tenor; he affected to be still absorbed with the portrait, and, after a pause of some duration, turned, and courteously asked,

"May I inquire to whom I am indebted for the hospitable reception I have received here, sir?"

"To the ruined son of a broken-down Virginia family. My name is Richard Wentworth, and in the palm days of the Old Dominion my forefathers lived as princes in the land. Free to spend has been my motto, until nothing is left to squander. There are two of us living—a brother younger than myself was more fortunate than I, because he had no wealth to sustain him in his youth, and he emigrated to the South-west, where he has amassed it for himself. Mine came to me from a maternal uncle, and I have spent it almost to the last fraction; the usual history of inherited wealth in this country. Ah! here is Sambo, and your supper, for which I hope you will have a good appetite."

An old gray-headed negro entered from the subterranean realm beyond, carrying in his hands a large waiter with a napkin spread in the bottom, on which was a dish of broiled venison, cold, bread in slices, and a pot of coffee. These he placed on a table that stood on one side of the room, and arranged them to his satisfaction. He made another foray into the kitchen, and returned with plates, cups, and knives; then formally announced the meal by a low bow and a patronizing flourish of his hand, as he said,

"Marse Richard, the reparse be served, sir, in which I hopes you an' dis gemplem here will prove de 'sperience ob de old nigger in de culinary art."

"No doubt you have reached the culminating point of good cookery!" replied Mr. Wentworth, good humoredly. "I hope you have carved equally well for this gentleman's horse, Sambo?"

"De Lor' bless you, yes, marsester, I done pitch in de corn and punkins in de troff for him long ago, and mine, I tell you, he pitch into dem wid right good will, too. He! he!"

"You had better look after him again, Sambo. He may need water—see to his wants carefully, old fellow."

Sambo disappeared, and Clayton came to the conclusion that there was some method of egress from his portion of the premises into the open air. His host said,

"Excuse my servant, young gentleman, but he has been with me in this solitude so long that we have become more as friends to each other, than as master and slave."

"And is he really your only companion? Have you no neighbors—no associates?"

"Where should they come from, my young friend? If you are

not a stranger in this part of the country, you know that these wild hills afford only scanty pasturage for sheep, and here and there a shepherd's hut may be found, with its owner as ignorant of everything not connected with his immediate calling, as if he were a portion of the soil around him. Sambo is a travelled gentleman, for he went with me to Europe, and saw everything I saw, except that gilded rottenness called society. He is faithful to me, and I do well to satisfy myself with his honest love. Some sage has said that man is fortunate who has one true friend, and what matters it to me whether the skin of mine be black or white—whether he is a slave or a freeman? I see by the expression of your face that you think me a modern Timon; but I have not quite abjured every human tie, as you will see if you remain with me over to-morrow."

"Many thanks for your hospitality to-night, but I will not trespass upon it longer than is necessary," replied Clayton.

His companion regarded him with a penetrating glance. "It will be no trespass, young gentleman. On the contrary, I shall esteem it a pleasure to detain you here a few hours beyond those necessary for refreshment and rest; you are but on the threshold of life, and the long years that stretch before you for action are enough, without grudging one little segment of them to the lonely recluse, who sometimes feels the need of communion with his kind. I have lived in this solitude quite twelve years, and you are the first educated stranger who has chanced to find my lonely cabin."

"And in that time have you lived alone with your black attendant—without communion with others?"

"Not quite so bad as that," answered Wentworth, with a smile. "I have, at intervals, gone forth into the world myself; but always to return in bitter disgust to the seclusion of my den. When I first inhabited it, there was a bright little spirit with me for a few brief months; but I sacrificed my feelings to her interests, and sent her from me to be educated for the sphere she should fill in the future. My brother, too, has visited me more than once, and he would gladly have drawn me again amid the active bustle of life; but I refused his offers of service, because I know that my temper and habits unfit me for constant intercourse with men."

"And your daughter?" asked Clayton, impelled, he knew not why, to push his inquiries further, though he felt as if he were transgressing the rules of politeness in so doing; "will she not come back to you? Or, for her sake, will you not return to society?"

The last word seemed to arouse all the spleen of his nature, and he repeated it with bitter emphasis: "Society! have I not already expressed my opinion of it? No, sir; it shall never claim me among its victims again. I have already chosen between my child and my convictions of what is best for myself. I have given her to my brother to take to his home and adopt as his own. I can trust him to render her far happier than I can hope to do. Once more she will behold the cabin that shelters her father; and then—we part for ever."

At this crisis Sambo brought in a lamp, and placed it opposite his guest. Wentworth arose abruptly, went into the adjoining room, and remained several moments. On his return he said, "Your bed is in there, young man; you can turn in as soon as you please, for I expect you are tired with your day's journey."

Clayton had dispatched the appetizing supper, and taking this as a hint to retire, he bade his host good night, and entered a small apartment decorated like the outer one, and furnished with a comfortable bed. Wearied in mind and body he was glad to throw himself upon it, and seek that repose he so greatly needed. Voices speaking in suppressed tones were heard in the room he had left; the old negro apparently soothing his master, and endeavoring to disabuse him of some idea that had suddenly entered his mind; but Clayton was too closely wrapped in the arms of sleep to comprehend that danger menaced himself, which Sambo was resolute to avert.

CHAPTER V.

In the silence of midnight a strange scene was enacted beside the couch of the sleeping Clayton, to whom the mental and bodily fatigue of the day had brought a heavy lethargy that for the time completely numbed his senses. Persons of strong physical frame, and deep sensibilities, thus recruit their strength after violent action; it is those of weak, irritable nerves who toss in wakeful anguish, unable to claim the balmy renovator sleep when they most feel its need. The young traveller lay in perfect repose with one hand thrown above his head, and his proudly cut features turned toward the intruder who now stood beside him, holding a lantern in his hand, the light of which he cautiously suffered to fall upon the face whose lineaments he seemed morbidly anxious to examine. On his own worn face an expression of anger almost ferocious darkened, as he muttered—

"It is—it is the same haughty mouth; the same lofty brow, and I did not see the resemblance to my foe when he first asked shelter of me. What! I—I give bread and salt to one of his detested blood! Fool! why did I not ask his name! I know it now—I sought it on his valise, and found the one word that has been the spectre of my life. Clayton! hated—hated sound! I would the world were rid of the whole race, and methinks it will be doing well to relieve it of one of them, even at the price of blood."

There was the wiliness of incipient insanity in the flash of his dark eyes, and the heavy gray brows were knit together portentously, while he thrust his hand in his breast as if seeking for some weapon habitually carried there. The gleam of steel was visible for one instant, and then the knife was thrust back irresolutely. His eye roved over the man lying at his mercy, and he muttered,

"It is a goodly form, and that head and face promise much in the future; but will not the fruition of this promise swell the bloated pride of that man who has outraged me—who won from me what I coveted as life's best gift, and then—then destroyed it! Oh, earth! have you no retribution for such wrong? Heaven! have you no vengeance?"

Again the knife was grasped and half drawn from its sheath, but as Wentworth seemed about to make a deadly use of it, a pair of long sinewy arms were thrown around him, and he was forcibly drawn backward into the outer room. When the negro had closed the door and fastened it, he turned to his master with a singular mixture of reproach and respect, and said—

"Is it you, marse Dick, dat 'ud ruin yourself an' me, an' all on us, an' transgress de holy word ob de Lor' heseif, by killin' dat stranger what axed you for a bite o' supper an' a bed? Is dis a treatin' de wayfarer as de Good Man commands, or is it keepin' up de spectability ob de family, sar? I axes you dese questions, an' I hopes you's 'pared to answer dem to your own conscience, kase dey wants answerin' mighty bad."

As he uttered these words Wentworth glared on him with an expression of fierce anger, which gradually melted into feebleness and indecision, for the unflinching eye of the negro remained fixed immovably on his. He replied,

"I—I know it was wrong, old boy; but I could not resist the impulse that carried me there to look on the features that take me back to those dreadful days when—when—"

He shuddered, veiled his face with his hands, and appeared overcome by the painful memories the occurrences of the evening had evoked.

Sambo doggedly went on:

"That ain't no manner o' reason why you should go for to take the life of a young man what never heerd o' dem days, I dare say, an' who can't be made 'countable for what his kinsfolks has done; an' he sleepin', too, vid no thoughts dat danger was nigh. I is 'shamed o' you, Marse Dick, an' dat's God's trufe ef ever 'twas spoke."

"I was impelled to go there, Sambo: I do not know that I should have killed him as he slept, though the demon that sometimes riots in my soul sorely tempted me, saying to me that in the future this youth will cross my path and cause me sorrow. I know it will be so; but I shall not prevent it by destroying him. Have no more fear for him. I am calm now, quite calm."

Sambo eyed him suspiciously, and said,

"I'm glad de debil am laid to rest for dis time, but I ain't gwine to trust you while de lad is in dis house. A pretty story 'twould be to tell on de family dat de eldest man ob it killed anoder in his sleep in his own house, kase some o' his kin had done him evil. I wonders what you thinks o' youself now?"

"I think what you know and I know—that I am not always sane: God help me! but these strange fits come on me when I am least able to resist their influence; and but for you, old Sambo, I should long ago have done what would have caused me either to destroy my own life, or have it ignominiously taken by others."

There was an expression of humiliation and suffering in his tone

that touched the heart of the old negro; he laid his hand on his shoulder, and spoke as if soothing a refractory child.

"Dere, dere, marsester, dar'll do; no more o' dat ef you please, 'case ole nigger don't b'lieve in no sich stuff; you ain't no mo' crazy nor me, but you's mortal bad tempered, an' you's had you own way till you thinks you can allers do as you please. Now, I jist tell you dat for de rest o' dis blessed night you's got to do as I please, an' dat is to lie down an' be quiet, while I takes my place in front of dis yer door to keep you from goin' back to 'starb de young gemplin'."

Wentworth smiled with mocking scorn as he listened to this command, but he obeyed it nevertheless, showing that the influence of the unlettered slave over him was absolute, at least for the time. He threw himself on a sort of rude divan that extended along one side of the wall, and was covered with bear-skins, the trophies of his own skill in the chase. He soon seemed to sleep, but the negro did not trust him: he stretched himself on a blanket in front of the stranger's door, and kept a watch upon the recumbent form of his master until the faint light of dawn began to shine into the room.

Then Sambo arose, leaned over the divan and satisfied himself that Wentworth slept heavily: he then softly unclosed the door of Clayton's apartment, and found him softly rousing himself from his deep slumbers. He was rather surprised to see the old negro standing over him in an attitude of warning, with his finger raised to his lips in token of silence.

"Hist, Mr. Clayton; git up widout any noise, an' come out in de yard: de mornin' is fresh and bracin', an' de mountain air will 'gree wid you fust rate. I'll git you some breakfuss, and have you horse ready for you in a jiffy, an' it's my 'pinion dat de farster you ride from dese diggins de better for youself. Dere—I's said my say, now you be wise an' profit by it."

Clayton listened in amazement to this singular address, and wondered if the poor black had suddenly lost his senses. He said,

"Where is your master, and why do you give me this strange warning?"

"Maybe it's 'case de Lor' come to me in a dream, as he did to de good men in de Bible, and tell'd me to hurry you out n' dis here house. It don't matter 'bout dat any how; but ef you's got any gumption in you you'll git up an' make tracks from here. I ain't gwine to be inhostable, 'case de Virginny people don't b'lieve in dat; but ef you please, I'll jist give you your breakfuss, and start you on de day's journey befo' you. It's a long and mighty tiresome one, and you's got no time to lose."

This long address only increased the amazement of Clayton, and he asked,

"Has your master delegated to you the task of turning his chance guest out of doors? Very strange conduct this, I must say."

"Dere is very strange tings in dis worlde," said the black coolly, "but sometimes dere's no helpin' 'em. Dis is one o' dem onspainable cases, so you mus' jist git ready and go 'long 'bout your bus'ness; do, I 'clar, it goes agin' me to treat a gemplin in such a scan'lous manner. Dere, dere, don't talk no mo', ef my marsester might wake up, an' he has odd whim whams sometimes. I'll git de breakfuss, and bring it out'n de yard, an' some cold bits for you to take 'long wid you, so you won't git starved as you was yistid-day."

Moved by the earnestness of the old man, Clayton hastened to fulfil his wishes, and he presently issued from his chamber in search of the means of performing his morning's ablutions, for no such convenience was found within. The first thing his eyes fell on was the sleeping form of his host, and he paused an instant to survey in the brighter light of morning a face which had so deeply interested him in the twilight of the previous evening.

Wentworth had once been very handsome, but it was that beauty which repels rather than attracts a person of refined and sensitive temperament. Violent passions recklessly indulged had stamped their ineffaceable marks upon him, and as he gazed Clayton no longer wondered that he should be at war with the world, for the feeble barriers of decorum could scarcely restrain the fiery impulses of such a spirit as warred within that iron frame and active brain.

Suddenly Sambo appeared at the front door, and beckoned him out. He found a wooden noggin on a shelf on one side filled with clear water, and a coarse towel ready for his use. The old negro noiselessly brought out a small table, and while Clayton was making ready for his breakfast, he placed on it the remains of last night's supper, with a few additional cold viands hastily gathered together on the spur of the moment. While the guest ate, the active old man saddled his horse, and made him ready for his departure.

There was a mingled expression of exultation and mortification on the old negro's face as Clayton arose from his hasty repast, and prepared to mount and depart. He said,

"I has hurried you off, Mister Clayton, case I knowed it wor de best thing I could do for you an' 'Aim,' pointin' backward toward de cottage. 'Thank de Lor' for all his mercy when you's out'n danger, an' don't blame de old nigger for his share in gettin' you clear of suffin you never speeted."

"I cannot understand your strange conduct," replied Clayton, "but I am willing to believe it is dictated by a good motive. Accept my thanks and this trifle; and when your master wakes, make such apologies to him for my abrupt departure as you may deem acceptable."

Sambo made a gesture of refusal, as he replied,

"Keep your money, Mr. Clayton, 'tain't no use here, an' ef 'twas I wouldn't take it arter de way I's bin 'bliged to treat you. Some people is shaller in spots, an' my gov'nor's got a soft place here, dat I'm ailers tryin' to keep people from knowin' to."

He touched his forehead significantly, and Clayton's mystification began to end. He inquired:

"Are you not afraid to live thus alone with a man of unsound mind? It seems a great risk."

The old servant seemed horrified.

"I aint said nothin' like dat, sir. He aint no' contis as 've heerd lawyers say: my master's only strange at times; but I can allers bring him to reason. I's only afear'd of him doin' somethin' when I aint by, dat might make a fuss, and disgrace one o' de fust fam'ly's in ole Virginny. I's bin wid him since we was boys togedder, an' I love him bettern wife nor ehile, case bofe has lef' him, an' ole Sambo's de only stan' by Marse Dick Wentworth has in de wide worlde."

"I respect your fidelity, Sambo, and return you hearty thanks for your attention to my wants. Before I bid you good morning, tell me the nearest way out of this mountain solitude?"

The directions of the old man were not very lucid, and Clayton set out on his day's journey with the pleasant conviction in his own mind that he must find his way out of the labyrinth of hills as well as he could. A narrow precipitous path led around the base of the one against which the cottage stood, and into this the young adventurer spurred his spirited steed, who tossed his mane gaily, and greeted the rising sun with a glad neigh as he mounted higher and higher on the winding ascent. After travelling about two miles, Clayton found that he had reached the summit; he paused and turned to survey the scene that lay beneath him, and as he looked, he involuntarily repeated the line of the poet,

"High mountains are a feeling."

Grand, noble, and elevating were the emotions in his own bosom, as he beheld the lofty peaks covered with Alpine foliage, which contrasted its sombre hues with the brilliant autumnal tints already scattered over the valley beneath. Floating vapors were wreathing upward in soft evolutions, each moment assuming some new and more graceful form, as they offered their incense to the majestic monarch of day, who darted his splendors into each nook of the fair valley, and mirrored himself in the winding stream that babbled through its centre.

The son of the mountain drank in all the varied beauty of the scene, and then came the bitter regret which the strong heart feels at leaving its fatherland: he could comprehend the Swiss's undying love of his Alpine solitudes, and feel that the tears wrung from his eyes by the herdsman's song when listened to in a far country, were indeed tears of blood.

"I must leave it all—all far behind me," was the sad thought that came to his mind. "I have relinquished my birthright, and for what? for whom? Ah, well! I owed my uncle a heavy debt, and now 'tis more than repaid." The crime of ingratitude at least shall not be laid to his charge."

He spurred his spirited horse suddenly; the animal reared, plunged wildly forward, and unable to check the impetus thus given, the descent into the valley was made at a speed that defied control. The road was a mere bridle path leading around abrupt angles, and sharp spur of rock on one side, and on the other look-

ing down a sheer precipice of many hundred feet into the valley below.

Clayton endeavored both with voice and hand to arrest the headlong career of his steed, but Saladin heeded neither soothing nor command—the race of John Gilpin was a trifle compared with this, for his road was smooth before him, but in this the rider knew not at what moment he might be hurled to destruction by the frightened creature he clung to with the tenacity of a death grasp. More than once the hoofs of the animal were thrown forward over the awful chasm that yawned beneath, and only his own instinct of danger caused him to swerve madly to that side which offered safe footing, and again plunge on his wild career.

Clayton was a bold rider, and he did not lose his presence of mind: he guided the rein still, and almost breathless and dizzy with the speed of the descent he saw that they were approaching the level of the valley. Just as he felt himself safe, when not more than ten feet of the descent remained, the horse with a frightened neigh threw him over his head, and leaped in two bounds into the stream, leaving his master senseless and bleeding in a thicket of low underwood which had luckily broken his fall, or he must have been killed upon the spot.

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

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All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

JAMES REES, Utica.—Chess diagrams sent by express as desired. Answered more fully by mail.

We have been kindly presented by the publishers of the Chess Monthly with the late games by correspondence between Philadelphia and New York, in pamphlet form, copiously annotated by the Athenaeum Committee. These pamphlets are for sale by the publishers, at 13 Thames street; price, fifty cents. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Thomas Frère, Secretary of the Brooklyn Chess Club, for a copy of his late work called by him "Hoyle's Games," though, as he remarks in his preface, "there is not a line of Hoyle in it," it being a decided improvement upon that old fog's work. Its chief interest to chess players is the "Defeat of the Musko Gambit." This gambit, up to the time of the publication of Harwitz & Kling's treatise, was considered invincible. These gentlemen profess to have discovered a defence which will win. Their defence has as yet not been sufficiently tested by practice to pronounce positively upon its soundness.

HOBOKEN, N. J., April 6, 1887.

DEAR SIR: I was greatly pleased with the consideration shown my "Queries," by Herr Von der Lasa—one whose mastery of Chess play, and whose transcendent merit as an author I have ever regarded with such intense admiration. The answers to my "Queries" were deeply gratifying to me. Herr Von der Lasa holds that the expression "en passant" is improper; and therefore in his *Handbuch* it has been superseded. With him a Pawn is not taken in passing, but "immediately after the passage." His opinion, that the capture may sometimes be compulsory, is logically sequent from such a position. The logical consequence arising from the term "en passant" is to make the capture always optional. In this I believe Von der Lasa agrees with me. While the expression "en passant" is retained, its logical consequences must ensue. When it is made a law that a Pawn may be captured after it has passed, instead of in passing, then the capture will sometimes be compulsory; for a position in which a passed Pawn leaves but one move to the adverse pieces may exist. It is then for the Chess community to consider whether the term "en passant" shall be retained, or whether what may be decided to be a proper term shall be substituted; whether the march of the Pawn shall be restricted to one square; or whether the *passer battaglia* of the Italians shall be adopted. With friendly wishes, yours truly, W. W. MONTGOMERY, Esq.

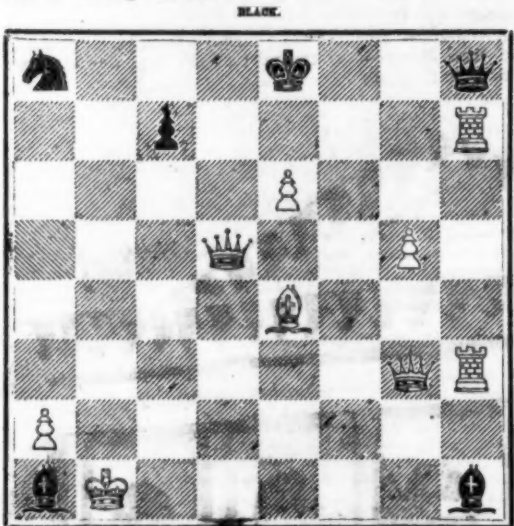
CHICAGO, March 24, 1887.

SIR: Please furnish an answer, through the columns of your paper, on the following disputed point, and oblige your obedient servant, ALFHA. When the odds of a Rook are given, is the practice of the first player's moving the King two squares, on the side of the Rook given, as in casting, sanctioned by the laws of the game, as practised in this country? [In giving a Rook, a player is supposed to give all the odds he can afford. Hence he does not forego the privilege of casting his King upon the side of the Rook given. So say the best authorities, and so is the practice in New York.—Ed.]

MEDFORD, Mass., March 23, 1887.

DEAR SIR: I do not see how you check mate in your sixty-seventh problem, supposing the first move of the red King is to his own seventh, instead of moving the pawn. The supposed solution is in your paper of April 4th. Yours respectfully, A. B. [One of the rules of the game of Chess, as played in New York, is, that the King cannot move into check. Have you a different rule in Medford?—Ed.]

PROBLEM LXXI.—(Challenge to THEO. M. BROWN, of Newark, N. J.)—By C. G. NELSON.—White to play and force Black to give checkmate in eight moves.



GAME LXXI.—(EVANS' GAMBIT.)—Between HERR ANDERSEN and HERR HELLER. From the Berliner Schachzeitung.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to K4	20 Q takes B	Q R to Q
2 K Kt to B3	Q Kt to B3	21 Q to QR3	K Kt to B4
3 K B to Q4	B to Q4	22 Q to R5	Q to K5
4 P to Q4	B takes P	23 Kt to K5	Q to KR5
5 P to Q4	B to QR4 (a)	24 P to K4	K Kt to Q5
6 P to Q4	P takes P	25 Kt to B3	K takes Kt (ch)
7 Castles	B to QKt3	26 Q takes Kt	Q R to Q7
8 P takes P	P to Q3	27 B to Q3	R takes QRP
9 P to KR3	Q to KB3	28 P to K5	Kt to Q6
10 B to QKt3	K Kt to R3	29 B takes Kt	Q takes B (ch)
11 Q Kt to Q2	Castles	30 K to R	K to R
12 P to K5	P takes P	31 Q R to K4	Q to K7
13 P takes P	Q to K2	32 Q R to KR4	Q takes KP
14 Q Kt to K4	B to K3	33 Q to Q3	P to KR4
15 B to Q3	B to KB4	34 Q to KB5	Q takes Q
16 Kt to KB6 (ch)	B takes Kt	35 K R takes Q	K to R2
17 P takes P	Q to K	36 R to Kt5	K to R3
18 Q to Q2	B to K6 (c)	37 Q R takes P	mate
19 P takes B	B takes B		

NOTES TO GAME LXXI.

- (a) We prefer B to Q4, as giving less variety to the attack.
(b) Beautifully played.
(c) The only move.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LXXI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to Q8	K takes Kt (A)
2 Q to Q6 (ch)	K to K
3 Q to K6 (ch)	K moves
4 B mates.	
1—	Either P moves
2 Q to QB7 (ch)	E to B3
3 Q to KB7 (ch)	K moves
4 B mates.	

CITY ITEMS.

The Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Comptroller and the Commissioners for the removal of Quarantine, visited Seguin's Point on Saturday last. They have concluded to purchase the Point as soon as possible. They intend, at first, to make temporary accommodations there for yellow fever patients, and then, at their leisure, to turn the whole establishment into a permanent Quarantine. Some doubts, however, exist as to whether the anchorage is sufficiently secure.

During the past week the Legislature passed the following important bill: In the Senate the New York City Charter bill; the Exterior Harbor Line bill; the East Wardens bill; the District Courts bill. The Metropolitan Police bill has passed to a third reading. A bill was introduced in the Senate providing for the election of police and civil court justices on the same day as the charter election. The bill paying the Commissioners of Emigration thirty thousand dollars also passed the Senate. The Assembly yesterday passed the Port Wardens bill, and the bill authorizing a railroad through Seventh avenue, Broadway, Greene street, &c. The latter, which is gotten up under the plea of relieving Broadway, passed by a vote of eighty-one to seventeen. A report, reversing the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, accompanied by resolutions condemning that decision, and a bill in effect nullifying it, were presented in the Assembly. The bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

The proceedings of the Board of Aldermen on the 9th inst. were important. Remonstrances against the passage by the Legislature of the Broadway Relief Railroad, Harbor Line, City Charter and Police bills, were adopted. The Board non-concurred with the Councilmen on the resolution increasing the pay of members from four to eight dollars per diem. The committee having the subject in charge reported in favor of a new edifice for a City Hall.

It has been ascertained that the population of New York exceeds 600,000, and the church sitings are not equal to 200,000. To meet the deficiency, it would require 600 new churches, to be built at an expense of more than eight million dollars.

A suit has been entered in the Supreme Court against Governor King, Charles A. Dana, Judge Culver, and other prominent members of the Republican party, for the recovery of \$1,502.20, alleged to be due Tunis J. Campbell, a colored man, for the supper given at the Republican festival on the 18th of December last, at the Academy of Music.

A short time since the President of Columbia College requested the Sophomore class to remain in chapel. He then stated to the class that they as a body would be obliged to sign a paper stating that they were sorry for the disorder which several of its members had occasioned in Professor McVicker's room. Upon this the head of the class informed the President that, rather than sign a paper stating that he was sorry for any offence not committed by him, he would leave the college. The President told him that he might go at once. He accordingly left, and was followed by fourteen of his class.

The directors of the Brooklyn City Railroad Company have decided, by a vote of four to eight, not to run the cars on Sunday. The successful efforts of the citizens to procure from the Common Council for the company the privilege of running cars on Sunday, therefore, go for nothing.

Richard Busted, Counsel to the Corporation, sent in a communication in answer to a resolution as to whether the contract for the enlargement of the Battery was legal or not. He says that the contract, according to the ruling of the Supreme Court, was illegal, the resolution of the Board of Assistants having been concurred in by the Aldermen in a different year. He also says that the proposals for the work were illegally made. The contract had been recognised, however, by a subsequent Common Council in the appropriation of moneys, &c., but the neglect to complete the work would throw the contract back into the hands of the Common Council.

A gang of pickpockets took possession of a circus-tent in Brooklyn, on Tuesday night, April 7, and robbed some twenty persons of their money. Several of the thieves were arrested, but no positive proof could be produced against them, and they were accordingly discharged.

The old project of constructing a railroad on the south side of Long Island has been again revived.

A bill is now before the Legislature appropriating \$25,000 for the improvement of navigation in the upper Hudson. The United States Government has made two appropriations of \$50,000 each, but two-thirds of that sum was consumed for surveys—each succeeding engineer unecessarily going over the same ground. The State has also contributed a few thousands.

James H. Chers, a salesman in the employment of W. G. Lane & Co., of 193 Broadway, and Robert H. Little, engaged in the store of Brower & Co., 34 Bay street, accidentally met at the Merchants' Hotel on the 9th inst., when an altercation sprang up between them, resulting in a fracas, in which Chers was severely but not dangerously wounded with a sick knife in the hands of Little. Little was held to bail.

In the Board of Supervisors some few bills were ordered to be paid. The Coroners' bills were referred to the Committee on County Offices. The bill of Dr. E. D. Connerly for holding eighty-seven inquests during the quarter ending March 31, 1887, amounted to \$749, including \$127.87 for the Buriall Wardens. The total of the Coroners' bills is \$3,304.90. The bill of Sheriff Willett, \$2,468, for the quarter ending last March, was also ordered to be paid. The bill of Solomon Kipp, \$1,120, for supplies for Eldridge street jail, was paid. The Court adjourned on Monday, 13th inst., at 4 o'clock.

The Dean and Boker difficulty is said to have been settled in the following manner: On Saturday, the 4th inst., Mr. Dean left New York for a school in Utica, where he will remain for twelve months at the expense of Mr. Boker. Mr. Dean, in the meantime, will board in a respectable private family; so that if John is a good boy and learns his lessons, he may yet be happy with his wife, who, after her disobedience and folly are forgotten, may come in for a child's share of her father's wealth. Mr. Boker, it is said, is worth over \$200,000 and a good business, and has but two other children besides Mrs. Dean.

Patrick Flannigan, attached to Hose Company No. 6, was knocked down and run over while running to a fire in the Fifth district on Saturday, 4th inst.

As the steamer Hero was proceeding to New York on the night of the 6th inst., she became disabled opposite West Camp by the breaking of her piston rod, which was severed at the crosshead. The piston fell, breaking out the bottom of the cylinder and breaking the entire shaft. This accident occurred about forty miles down the river, at 11 o'clock at night, during a snow storm, while the Hero was moving very slowly. The steaming Baltic immediately took her in tow to New York, where her machinery will be speedily repaired.

We have received the Second Annual Report of Dr. Fulgraff's Homoeopathic Dispensary, 49 Bond street, New York. This dispensary, for the gratuitous treatment of patients upon the homoeopathic system, was established in 1855, by the individual exertions of Dr. Fulgraff, whose efforts have been assisted by many of our well-known citizens and a large number of the most distinguished homoeopathic physicians. The donations have not so far been sufficient to meet the expenses, Dr. Fulgraff having to make up the deficit, besides devoting much time and labor to the cause. This is to be regretted, for the cause is a good one. It affords a means for the poor to avail themselves of the benefits of the new practice, of the efficacy of which we can bear witness, and all those who are interested in the progress of this new healing system and whose means are adequate, should subscribe their mite to sustain the dispensary, that it may have means to extend the area of its beneficent usefulness. During the past year 1,024 patients were attended, and 4,024 prescriptions were given out. The cases treated were of every variety, and the results were as follow: Cured, 676; relieved, 83; called once, 64; result unknown, 72; died, 4; remaining under treatment, 118.

The steamer Isaac Newton was raised four feet on the 6th inst., and received no injuries during the storm on Sunday. The contractors are now confident that they will be able to get her afloat and convey her safely to New York in the course of the week.

The inquiry into the charges against Coroner Connerly, for the perpetration of supposed wilful acts during the inquest upon the body of Dr. Harvey Burdell, who was so mysteriously murdered in Bond street, is now on before Judge Daly, in the Court of Common Pleas.

In the Court of Sessions on the 9th, John Nease and Charles Miller, two young men, were tried and convicted of burglary in the third degree, in breaking into the store of Rinaldi & Leaky, No. 112 Water street, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th of March. The evidence against them was remarkably clear, and Judge Russell sent each of them to the State prison for five years.

CALENDAR OF PRISONERS FOR GENERAL SESSIONS FOR THE APRIL TERM, 1887.—Arson, 8; forgery, 18; burglary, 24; murder, 7; felonious assault and battery, 8; grand larceny, 34; attempt to poison, 1; abandonment, 4; rape, 4; receiving stolen goods, 2; robbery, 4; witnesses, 4; mayhem, 1; Total, 100.

A bill has passed the Legislature which provides that no person shall, within this State, kill any wild deer at any time during the months of January, February, March, April, May, June, or July. Every person who shall expose to sale any green deer skin or fish venison, or who shall have the same in his custody at any time during the month specified, shall be deemed to have violated the law; and whoever shall offend against the provisions of the act shall for each offence forfeit the sum of twenty-five dollars. Another bill, relative to trout, has also passed. It provides that no person shall at any time take any trout in any of the inland public waters of this State with any net, seine, weir, basket, spear, grapple, trap, or any other device whatsoever, except a hook and line. Whoever shall offend against the provisions of the act shall, for each offence, forfeit the sum of twenty-five dollars. All penalties imposed by these acts may be sued for and recovered, with the costs of such suit, before any justice of the peace in this State, by or in the name of any person making complaint thereof, one half of the fines imposed going to the complainant.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

THE bass fishermen on the Merrimac river at Newburyport, are making the best of wages this dull season. Since the ice has left the Merrimac so that a seine could be swept, they have by night and day—as the tide favored them—"hauled in," up to the present time the sum total of 50,000 pounds of bass, realizing about \$3000.

The duties on Indian corn imported into Cuba have been reduced to one-third of what they were, for the term of six months from the first of April.

A Springfield paper records the death of Jehu Cricket, a well known horse in that city, who was said to be full fifty years of age.

While several negroes, belonging to Dr. Selby, were engaged in clearing up an old field, situated in the upper portion of Liberty County, Missouri, they killed, on about four acres of field, 21 rattlesnakes and one moccasin snake.

A Miss Jaquet, of Chester County, Pa., and a Mr. Batchell of Ohio, were married in sport about a year ago, on the impulse of a whim; but the lady having shown her spirit, declared she would carry the joke no further. Both parties soon found that they had gone too far. Mr. Batchell was a gentleman of property in Ohio. He could no longer make a title to his real estate. The young lady who reigned as a village belle, soon found that she had been trifling with a serious matter, and she now applies for a divorce.

The Maryland Sportsman's Club have 1,000 live partridges in Baltimore, to be turned out this spring in order to supply the waste of that game by the severe winter.

Twenty-five years ago Miles Greenwood went to Cincinnati a poor young man, and started a blacksmithery on the outskirts of the town. He now employs 450 men, pays \$3,500 for wages weekly, affords support to 1,200 persons, and turns out \$600,000 worth of work annually. Last week he gave a grand feast to his people, to celebrate the quarter-century.

In the Superior Court of Boston, on Tuesday, a woman recovered \$600 of Earl & Co.'s Providence Express. The money was carried by them from Providence to Boston, and delivered into the hands of her husband, and she failed in getting it. She sued the company, and recovered under the law securing to married women her separate property.

John H. Giffin, Esq., of Orafton county, Ga., slaughtered a hog weighing 687 pounds. A negro who fed the animal got so drunk in rejoicing that he died in a fit.

The Americans resident in Paris have bought a piece of ground near the Champs Elysees, on which they are going to erect immediately a church for their new pastor, the Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston. The number of Americans this winter in Paris is very small—perhaps not more than four hundred, including the numerous families residing there for business purposes.

At Yorkville, S. C., last week, the case of Lee vs. Moss—involving a right to one acre of land, worth about forty dollars and a half, was decided for the plaintiff, after having been three terms on the docket. The cost amounted to about \$800.

The Louisville (Ky.) Democrat says that J. B. Stewart, Esq., a lawyer of that city, has received \$90,000 for his services in securing the Roedde claim from the Government. The suit was compromised by Government paying \$180,000, of which Mr. Stewart gets one-half.

About ten years ago, a man with limited means began a very small cotton factory for making yarns and batting, in St. Louis, Mo. His establishment now consumes 35 bales of cotton per week, and makes, daily, 2,500 yards of sheeting, 2,400 pounds of yarn, 890 pounds batting, 150 pounds twine, 150 pounds wicking, besides carpet warp and bagging.

A wealthy gentleman of New York offers to support, during a four years' course of study preparatory to the Christian ministry, fifty young men chosen for piety and intellectual promise. The estimated expense is \$300 per year; making the sum of \$15,000 a year for four years, or \$60,000 in all contributed to the cause of ministerial education.

The citizens of Northampton are taking measures for the erection of a monument to the memory of Sylvester Graham. He was the great apostle of dietitians. It was from him that Stephen H. Branch first learned he had a stomach, and it is thought that by his lectures, books, &c., he gave more men the dyspepsia than all the hot cakes ever eaten.

On Friday, the 13th inst., the fishermen of Swampscot, with twelve boats, brought in 160,000 pounds, or over seventy-five tons of fish, being the largest amount ever brought in Swampscot in one day.

We learn from the Louisiana papers that at the close of the session of the Legislature of that State, a motion was made to allow Mr. J. A. Warner, Secretary of the Senate, \$500 extra compensation, when that gentleman immediately arose and requested the mover to withdraw it; said that he accepted the office with a knowledge of the salary, and wanted no more!

We learn that the Blue Ridge is on fire at different points, extending from Waynesboro, in Augusta, several miles northward. The mountains east of the Valley, from Woodstock to Mt. Jackson, are also on fire. On Tuesday and Monday nights of last week, the view of the burning mountains was magnificent.

The Williamsburg Gazette says that two sailors discovered about a mile west of that place the tracks of some huge animal, which were five feet eight inches in length. Three joints of the backbone were also found, each measuring two feet seven inches in diameter. These specimens are to be removed to the Philadelphia Museum.

A double murder was recently committed at Kosciusko, Miss., a man named Garland Goff, aged 55, and possessed of considerable property, having been poisoned with his wife, a young lady to whom he had been married only a few months. A brother of the lady is suspected of the murders, as he had been heard to threaten the life of Goff, and the deceased had stated that his life was in danger.

A prize of \$30,000 was drawn in Louisville on the 7th inst., one half of which was won by a slave. His master deducted the value of the slave, and gave him the balance and his freedom.

A Chicago paper states that one of the grain and produce firms in that city handled within the last year, in their business, \$12,500,000, their checks on a single bank amounting to \$4,000,000. 5,250,000 bushels of grain passed through their hands.

IMPORTANT CONVENTION.—It has been proposed to hold a convention representing the various railroads lying between the Mississippi Valley and the port of Norfolk, for the purpose of appointing a commission to proceed to England, and endeavor to prevail upon the proprietors of the new monster steamship, now building on the Thames, to bring her, on her first transatlantic trip, to the harbor of Norfolk. The 18th of April, or thereabouts, has been named as the time of holding this convention, and Lynchburg, Virginia, as the place.

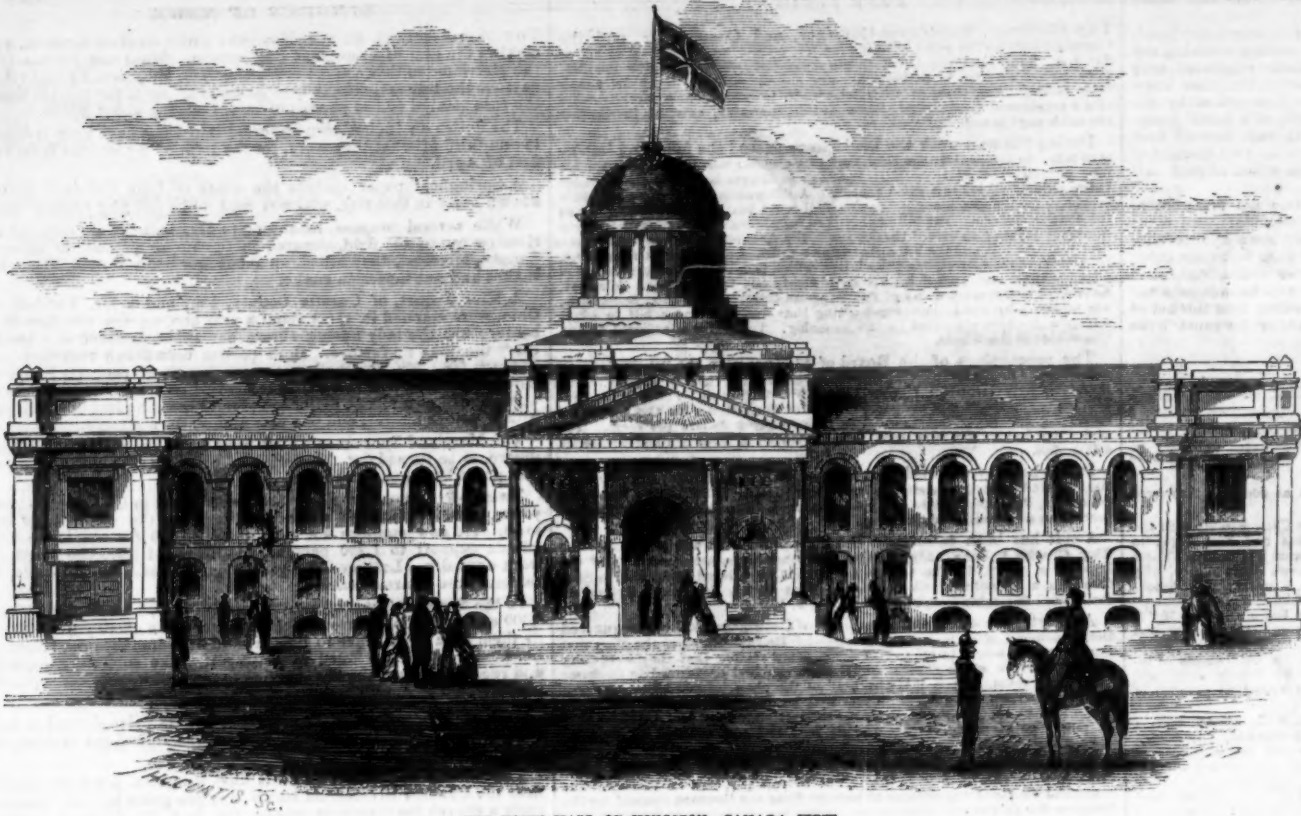
A Bible distributor in Kentucky reports that of 30,000 families he visited, one-fourth had no Bible, and many had never heard of such a book at all. There were three regularly ordained ministers also who had no copy of the Scriptures.

The anniversary of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated by the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, in connection with St. John's Lodge No. 2, in Providence. It is expected that this will be one of the largest Masonic gatherings ever held in New England. The address will be delivered by Rev. George M. Randall, P.G.M. of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

The St. John's News says "the circulars addressed to municipal authorities by the Minister of Agriculture have been answered by many, showing a want of 10,000 male and 4,000 female farm servants, and 5,000 boys and girls, irrespective of many hundred mechanics."

Some time ago it was proposed to hold the next State Agricultural Fair in Boston, provided a sufficient sum of money should be guaranteed to make it practicable to do so. Enough has already been subscribed to insure the desired object.

The planters in the interior of Texas are in despair about their crops. The recent frosts have done great damage. Some planters in Washington county estimate the damage at not less than \$700,000.



THE TOWN HALL OF KINGSTON, CANADA WEST.

THE TOWN HALL, KINGSTON, CANADA WEST,
GEORGE BROWN, ESQ., ARCHITECT.

We have in previous issues given detailed descriptions of the thriving city of Kingston, C. W., formerly the capital of Canada, and now the naval and military headquarters of the province, and, after Montreal and Halifax, the strongest post in British America. We are sometimes given to great gratulation at the rapid growth of our Yankee cities, and in this respect they are unparalleled in the world; but we must not forget that Canada



THE LATE SERGEANT LOUIS ALBAUGH, MEXICAN VOLUNTEER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MEALE BROTHERS.

is on the same continent with our own country, and necessarily has the same resources, and consequently is marching with gigantic strides on the road to prosperity. All these British towns and cities have a substantial air not common on "this side of the line," and seem to be put up with the understanding that they are to remain unaltered for centuries. The Town Hall of Kingston, for instance, is a fine example of capacity and durability. The walls are composed of hewn stone, beautifully brought together, and the whole edifice has the appearance that defies the ravages of time. This is the most massive edifice in the city, and accommodates with ease, the market, the city offices, council room, post office, reading room, and is justly looked upon with some degree of pride by the denizens of the prosperous city of Kingston, Canada West.

SERGEANT LOUIS ALBAUGH.

At the request of a number of the surviving volunteers who served in the Mexican war, we give a portrait of Sergeant Louis Albaugh, a native of Frederick, Maryland, who died on the 21st of March, at Philadelphia, aged thirty-four years. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war he entered the service as corporal of Company A., First Regiment, New York Volunteers, commanded first by Colonel Baxter, and after his death, by Colonel, now General Ward B. Burnett. Sergeant Albaugh's bravery and good conduct won him the approbation of his commanders and also promotion. In the official reports of the battles in Mexico he is honorably mentioned. At the battle of Churubusco he received a severe bullet wound in the breast, the ball lodging in his shoulder blade, and which was not extracted until a year after his return home. From this wound he suffered great pain for ten years. A beautiful silver medal was presented to him by the city of New York for his gallantry, which is now in the possession of his brother, Ferdinand A. Albaugh, who has been for many years an *attaché* of the *Herald* office. Sergeant Albaugh was a gentleman of excellent qualities, and the infor-

mation of his death will bring a tear to the eyes of many of his old comrades, with whom he was a favorite. Peace to his ashes. We give views of both sides of the medal, that our readers may see its design. It is the one presented to the New York Volunteers on their return from Mexico.

NEW MECHANICS' HALL, WORCESTER, MASS.

The new Mechanics' Hall of Worcester, which was commenced in June, 1855, is now nearly completed. It has a front on Maine street of 100 feet and 5 inches, and is built of brick and iron, the brick work covered with mastic. It is 70 feet high above the sidewalk to the cornice, the pediment in front rising 16 feet above that. The building extends 145 feet from Main street, being reduced to 85 feet in width, after the first 80 feet. The basement is occupied by the stores, for storage room and for the steam pipes for heating the building. There are 4 stores upon the first floor, and the main entrance, which occupies the centre of front, is 21 feet wide. Two flights of stairs, each 6 feet wide, lead to the second floor, upon which is the small hall, which is 50 by 80 feet and 17 feet high, five rooms for offices which look out upon Main street, and two large library rooms, each 24 by 38 feet. Ascending from the entrance hall we reach a hall which is 20 feet wide, running entirely across the building, at the north and south ends of which are stairs, 9 feet wide, which divide at a landing, where two flights, 5 feet wide each, turn east and west, making four entrances upon each side into the upper or large hall. This hall is 80 feet wide, by 130 long, 40 feet high, with 3 ante-rooms in front and 2 in rear, water-closets, &c., attached. A gallery extends round three sides of

It has been proved beyond dispute that the Aurora Borealis (Northern Light) is composed of electric matter. The effect of the Aurora it is found increases or diminishes the electric current used in working the telegraph wires. Sometimes it entirely neutralizes them, so that, in effect, no fluid is discoverable in them. The Aurora Borealis is, therefore, composed of a vast mass of electric matter, resembling in every respect that generated by the electro-galvanic battery. The currents from it charge the wires, and then disappear as the mist of the Aurora rolls from the horizon to the zenith.



MEDAL OF MEXICAN VOLUNTEER. OVERSE.

den, of the firm of Boyden & Ball, architects and civil engineers, of Worcester. Every precaution has been taken to make it substantially fireproof. It is to be dedicated about the last of this month or the first of next.



MEDAL OF MEXICAN VOLUNTEER. REVERSE.



NEW MECHANICS' HALL, WORCESTER, MASS.

LIONS ATTACKING
GORDON CUM-
MING'S HORSES.

No man was more successful than Gordon Cumming in destroying the wild beasts of the forest. One rises from the perusal of his pages filled with painful horror at his wanton destruction of lions, elephants, roebucks, giraffes, and buffaloes. Rarely, indeed, was he a sufferer from the inroad of wild animals, but occasionally he found the "king of beasts" quite capable of doing him an injury. On one occasion he was camping out, after a long continued hunt, when he discovered that some lions were following in his rear, evidently intent on mischief. Throughout the day they contented themselves with growls of anger, but when night came on they commenced their depredations. He says: "The sun as usual had been under an hour before I ordered my men to make fast my horses; the oxen had of their own accord come to the wagons and lain down; the horses, however, were not forthcoming. My hired natives, who were



THE LIONS AMONG GORDON CUMMING'S HORSES.

NESTS OF THE MAHALI WEAVER-BIRD.

We find all over the world what are termed hanging-birds nests. It is, however, in Africa and India, where tree-climbing snakes

abound, that pensile nests are the most extensively adopted, and present the greatest variety. Some consist of the interwoven fibres of grasses, and others are formed externally of growing leaves, folded purse like and secured by threads. To the makers of the former nests the term of weaver-birds has been popularly applied, and to those which construct the latter tailor-birds. Some of the nests of the weaver-birds much resemble in form a chemist's glass retort, with the funnel-like neck hanging downwards. We have seen many such, attached to the ends of palm leaves, brought from continental India and Ceylon. In the Deccan, the pensile weaver-bird is very common, and there are few wells or pools overhung by a tree where their nests are not seen pendant. The birds live in small communities, and are very noisy in their labors.

Similar nests, made by an allied species, are very common in South Africa, and are hung in clusters so low over the

not, however, at present enlarge upon them. With respect to the tailor-birds, they appear to be all Indian.

The brilliant gem-like sun-birds (*Cinnyris*) are said to make the outer fabrics of their nests of leaves growing at the extremity of a twig, to which other leaves are added if necessary. A nest of this kind is described by Latham, but the bird itself has not been identified. Similar nests have often come under our own notice. One of great beauty, copied from a specimen in the collection of the Zoological Society, is figured in the General History of Birds published by the Religious Tract Society. It is formed of a leaf at the extremity of a twig, and is completed so as to constitute a pouch by the addition of another leaf of less breadth, the edges being sewed together by delicate vegetable threads of a white color, evidently spun by the bird itself. Within this leafy case is an inner nest of fine down intermixed with fibres. We suspect that it belongs to some species of the genus *Prinia*, which comprises the true tailor-birds. The members of this group are by no means remarkable for the brilliancy of their plumage; they are plain-colored, slender in form, with sharp awl-like beaks, long legs, and short feeble wings; the tail is lengthened and graduated. All form their nests externally by drawing together the edges of a leaf (or leaves) growing at the end of a twig or long leafstalk, the edges being secured by stitches of thread.

DEALER IN GODS, STREET SCENE IN KYDRAPORE, HINDOSTAN.

The image maker is the best paid and the most constantly employed of all the handicraftsmen of Calcutta, and of course the merchants in these images drive a thriving trade, and are also most prosperous worldly affairs. It is a common sight in all the towns and cities of Hindostan to meet with these men, who, for sums large and sums small, furnish the devout with some particular deity or household god.

These idols are sold the same as any other curiosity, and vary in price according to material and amount of labor bestowed upon their construction. The Hindoos have their great festive occasions, when their gods are most paraded, when secular business of every description is entirely suspended by land and by water, in town and country. These occasions are seasons of universal joy and festivity.

A horrible affair, resulting in the death of two men, occurred in Philadelphia last week. Stewart Law and a Mr. Sheridan were found dead in a lime kiln on Wood street, under circumstances which showed that they had laid down during the night, and being intoxicated, fell into the kiln, and were burned to death.



NESTS OF THE MAHALI WEAVER BIRD.

now anxious to prevent my proceeding farther from their country, were wilfully neglecting their charge, and, instead of looking after my cattle, they were exchanging the flesh and fat of my sea cows for assagais, etc., with the Bakalahari. The night was very dark, and the horses were sought for in vain. I remarked to Carey that it was some time since we had heard the voice of a lion; but a few minutes after we heard the low moan of the king of beasts repeated several times at no great distance, and in the very direction in which my horses were supposed to be. The next day the sun had been up two hours, and my horses could not be found. I entertained no apprehensions, however, from the lions, but rather suspected some plot between Seleka and my natives to drive my cattle back, and so force me to retrace my steps. I therefore ordered John Stofolus and Hendrick to take bridles and a supply of meat, and to follow up the spoor wherever it might lead; and being anxious to see which way it went, I took a rifle and followed in quest of it myself. Observing a number of vultures to the west, and hearing the voices of natives in that direction, I proceeded thither at top speed. To my utter horror, I found my two most valuable and especially favorite veteran shooting horses lying fearfully mangled and half consumed by a troop of ruthless lions. They were 'Black Jock' and 'Schwartland,' the former a first-rate young horse—the latter aged, but by far my most valuable steed, being perhaps the best shooting horse in Southern Africa; he knew no fear, and would approach as near as I chose to elephant or lion, or any description of game. From his back I had shot nearly all my elephants last year; and so fond was I of this horse, that I never rode or even saddled him until we had found elephants, when I used him in the fight and then immediately off saddled. With a sickening heart I turned from this most painful scene, and utterly dejected, I returned to camp. As there was much to do about the wagons, and as two of my men were absent seeking the lost horses, I did not immediately go in quest of the lions; this I however did in the afternoon, taking all my dogs, but I failed to find them. A large party of the natives from the south-west, the Bamalette, reached me late in the day; their object was flesh, and to endeavor to persuade me to come and trade with them. They had fallen in with three of my steeds; the others were found by my men near the drift where I had last crossed lying dead and mangled." These evidences of power on the part of these beasts created a most marked impression on the mind of the great modern Nimrod, and he never thought of the lions but he lamented the loss of his favorite steeds.

water that the mouth of the dependant funnel (eight or nine inches long) almost touches the surface.

We might here enter into a description of numerous nests of a similar character, varying in details with respect to materials, internal arrangement, and other particulars, such as those of the beautiful baya sparrow or toddy-bird; of those of the yellow headed weaver-bird of Africa, the Cape weaver-bird, and many more. Yet, we cannot refrain from pausing for a moment as we pass along, to contemplate those of the mahali weaver-bird of Southern Africa. These pensile or rather semi-pensile nests are grouped together in clusters, each being in the shape of a reversed pear, but of large size; the opening is at the end of the short neck, which hangs downwards, the base of the oval body being attached by ligaments to the twig or slender bough. The outer investment of the nest is entirely composed of the rigid wiry stalks



DEALER IN GODS, STREET SCENE IN KYDRAPORE, HINDOSTAN.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the arrival of the U. S. mail steamer Washington, we have three days' later news from Europe.

The English papers were almost exclusively occupied with the general election, which was on hand, and nothing else was thought of.

The London Times of the 24th ult. has an editorial on the new American tariff, congratulatory of the victory for free trade principles which it develops.

The Austrian Ambassador at Turin had been ordered by the government of Vienna to leave that capital immediately. The Austrian government had replied by recalling its embassy at Vienna.

We learn from Persia that a three months' armistice, agreed upon between the English and Persian troops, had been concluded from the month of March. The Corfu elections are declared void, and the Chamber accuses the English Government of having tampered with the electoral lists.

The *Monitor* publishes an imperial decree, promulgating the law adopted by the Legislature by the Senate, granting a pension of 10,000 francs a year to Marshal Felsier, Duke of Malakoff.

Trieste advices state that the Commissioners of the European Powers were all leaving Constantinople for the Danubian Principalities, except the Russian Commissioner, who would not appear there until after the final evacuation of the Austrian corps of occupation.

The Rev. Dr. Seymour, who read the burial service over Sir John Moore at Corunna, has died suddenly in a railway carriage in the north of England.

Several Roman political prisoners made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the Castle of Pallano on the 14th ult. Four were killed and five wounded. A soldier and a keeper were wounded also.

Accounts from Rome mention that negotiations were in progress for an amalgamation of the Lombardo-Venetian and the Roman Railway companies.

The Earl of Elgin, the Minister Plenipotentiary Extraordinary to China, was expected to depart on his mission by the second week of April.

The bullion in the Bank of England had increased £24,000.

Sir John McNeill had been offered a barony or an appointment as privy councillor, and chose the latter.

Colonel Tulloch has been made Civil Knight of the Bath.

Admiral Dundas has been appointed a Lord of Admiralty.

Messrs. J. R. Brown & Co., shipowners in Sunderland, had failed, with heavy liabilities.

The London and Eastern Banking Corporation disclosures were unfavorable.

FRANCE.—Little was done at the Conference at Paris, on the 24th ult., in regard to the Neuchâtel question, the meeting being merely for the purpose of receiving propositions offered by the Prussian representative. Another meeting was held on the 25th to receive propositions from the Swiss Envoy, which materially differ from those of Prussia. No one doubts but that a settlement will be come to by mutual concessions. The customs revenue for the past month shows a trifling increase. The summary of the new postal treaty with the United States had been published. The Committee's report on the budget for the year 1888 had also been published. It recommends the abolition of the war tenth on the registration of dues, the abolition of the stamp duty on printed notices and prospectuses, and the imposition of an annual tax of fifteen centimes per hundred francs on transferable securities. The revenue provided is seventeen hundred and thirty-seven million francs, the expenses being estimated at seventeen hundred and sixteen millions, leaving twenty millions surplus. It had been reported that the Emperor of Russia never intended to visit Paris, but that the Grand Duke Constantine would next month. An expedition against the Kabyles, to be under the command of Marshal Randon, had been determined upon. It was reported that England had ceded to France Longwood House and Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena. A Cabinet Council had been held to consider the question of removing political prisoners from Cayenne to a healthy locality.

SPAIN.—The Spanish naval squadron at Rio Plata is to be relieved. The Infante Don Henry, who is brought forward by the progressists as a candidate for Salamanca, has issued an address to them, in which he declares himself the ardent partisan of progress. The government contemplates the establishment of a submarine telegraph between Cuba and the United States. The first division of the fleet to invade Mexico would be a fleet of the 26th of March for Havana.

GERMANY.—The German Powers decline the intervention of the great powers in the quarrel between Denmark and the Confederation, on the ground that the question is purely internal, in which they, as well as the King of Denmark, act as members of the Confederation. At the same time we are told that Russia and France are favorable to Denmark in the affair.

AUSTRIA.—The Austrian government in recalling its representative from Turin addressed a circular despatch, setting forth the reasons to its agents at European Courts. The *Nord* contains a summary, according to which the Cabinet of Vienna is not only dissatisfied with Count Cavour's reply to its complaints of the Piedmontese press, and of the tolerance with which these attacks are treated by the Sardinian government, but it sees a new offence in the language used by the government on the occasion of the debates relative to the fortification of Alessandria. The despatch adds that "Austria has become convinced that Piedmont seeks to place itself at the head of the revolutionary movement in Italy—a movement of which the success would be the destruction of the Austrian domination in Italy. Piedmont pursues, then, a policy which not only tends to disturb social order in Italy, but to totally change the European political system established by the treaties of Vienna. In the presence of these facts, Austria deems that her dignity will no longer permit her to maintain official relations with Sardinia." Nevertheless, in informing foreign courts of the step Austria has determined to take, she declares that this measure will not be followed by others of a more hostile character, and that in any event Austria will avoid up to the last moment all that can compromise the maintenance of peace, or create embarrassment among European cabinets.

RUSSIA.—It was stated, via Berlin, that Russia had again refused to admit the British Consuls to the Black Sea until the allied evacuation had been completed.

TURKEY.—The government has decreed a registration and censorship of the press, on the French model. It also offers land in Roumelia and Anatolia to foreign emigrants bringing three hundred dollars capital. Christian soldiers were to be incorporated in the Turkish regiments. M. Pisan, chief British interpreter, had quarrelled with Lord Stratford and resigned temporarily. The Commissioners to the Principalities had all left for their posts. The Commission appointed to inquire into the landing of the Polish expedition to Circassia has not yet reported, but has in the meantime ordered the arrest of Gen. Stein and a Circassian, Pasha Ismael, Director of Oost, for having been active in organizing the expedition. The steamer Kangaroo, on her return, brought eighty-five women and twenty-eight children, Circassians, and there was little doubt but that they would be sold at Constantinople. The English authorities pretended to seize the ship conveying the expedition, but proof was wanting.

A letter from Mehmet Bey, Gen. Banja's aide-de-camp, says the landing of the expedition was effected Feb. 28, at Taub, where the headquarters were fixed. Mehmet brought with him 300 men for instruction in the different arms of war. He had accepted supreme command of the Circassian forces. The nobles and deputies had sworn obedience to him and entrusted him with the prophet's flag. He would take the field in May.

PERIA.—Insurrection had broken out in Persia, and the revolt was spreading. The insurgents in Khurdistan had seized the Shah's uncle, and threatened him with death unless ransomed.

JAPAN.—The *Journal des Debats* gives the details of the reported British difficulty on the 11th of December. Two English vessels of war, after having visited the ports of Simoda and Hakodadi, appeared before Nangasaki, but were refused admission by the Governor. The captains, however, penetrated into port, and anchored within gunshot of the land batteries, where they remained without hostility. The next day they repaired, with a numerous fleet to the residence of the Governor, who refused to receive them, but sent word that if they had any complaint to make he would forward their representations to the Imperial Court and transmit to them the reply. The captain wrote to Yeddo to claim the right of remaining some time at Nangasaki in conformity with the treaty. In a fortnight the Emperor's answer arrived, announcing that he had given orders for the three ports of Simoda, Hakodadi and Nangasaki to be open to the vessels of France, England and the United States. Such vessels were permitted to refit there, to take in provisions, and to trade to a certain defined extent, but the crews must not go into the interior.

THE LATEST NEWS.

A telegraphic message has been received from Calcutta stating that the Emperor of China, disapproving of the proceedings of the Governor of Canton, had given him orders to conciliate the English; also that a battle was fought on the 8th of February, forty miles from Buzhire, between the English and Persian cavalry, which ended in the total rout of the latter, with the loss of 800 killed. The loss on the British side was ten killed and sixty-two wounded.

News from Bahamas, dated at Nassau, N. P., 21st ult., states that the Legislature had voted a bonus of £100 per annum for five years, for the import of ice. Heavy rains had impeded salt raking operations at the out islands, but there was a good supply notwithstanding. The House of Assembly had offered a bonus of £2,000 per annum for five years for the promotion of steam communication between Nassau and New York. The project of the West Indian and North and South American (Submarine) Telegraph Company was recommended by the executive. The military corps of the island were to be placed under better regulations. Mr. Bailey, the new Governor, was expected to land by the 10th inst.

From Bermuda to the 21st ult., we learn that Admiral Fanshawe had embarked on board the *Roseawan*, his flag ship, for England. The Spanish war steamer, Don Antonio de Ulloa, from Havana, arrived at St. Georges, and having received coal from the depot lately established there, left for Cadiz. The pastoral charge of the Presbyterian Church in the islands had devolved upon the Rev. Alexander W. McKay, who had arrived from Nova Scotia.

By news from Cape Town (C. S. H.) to February 19, we learn that the frontier was peaceful. Natal papers to the 17th of January represent the connection among the Zulus as nearly over. The rebellious young chief Ketchwaya, deserted by the great body of his followers, had fled or retreated to some place near St. Lucia's Bay. Pande, the old King, is reinstated in power.

By the arrival of the *Niagara* at Halifax, the above news by the Washington is simply confirmed. There is nothing additional.

NAVY.

ORDERS have been received at the Gosport Navy Yard to fit out the sloop-of-war *Germania* and *Marion*, and the brig *Perry*. The steam frigate

Roanoke is now ready to receive her officers. The Colorado is nearly ready, and the Powhatan has been taken out of the dry dock after undergoing thorough repairs.

The steamship *Niagara* started last week on a six days' trial trip, after which she will return to New York to await the completion of the Mississippi. Both vessels will probably fulfill our prediction as regards sailing for England on the 1st of May—certainly the *M.* cannot leave before that time. The *Niagara* took her powder on board in the stream on Wednesday afternoon. The only gun she carries are four medium 32-pounders for signaling.

They are working hard to get the *Vincennes* out of the dry dock, a feat which will be accomplished in a few weeks.

The following officers have been ordered to the sloop-of-war *Dale*, which will soon depart for the coast of Africa: Wm. McBlair, Commander, Joel S. Kennard, John F. Berraud, Robert Stuart, Hunter Davidson, and Thomas P. Pelot, Lieutenants; Washington Sherman, Passed Assistant Surgeon, Richard C. Dean, Assistant Surgeon, and John E. Cunningham, Purser.

We glean the following items from the New York Herald:

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The spring work has opened at the Gosport, Va., Navy Yard. There are 1,500 men employed there now, partly employed in building a new foundry, a new dock, and a carpenter's shop. There are about 160 men in the joiners' department, a nearly equal number in the smithery, and the residue distributed at various works through the yard.

Commodore Dorin commands the Gosport yard, of which Charles Poor is Captain, and Messrs. Pugin and Carter Lieutenants. The receiving ship *Pennsylvania* (at Gosport) is in charge of Capt. Tucker and Lieut. Polindexter, and has 150 seagoing men on board. The steamer *Hotel* is preparing for the Survey service; and the *Raritan*, Columbia, United States, Columbus (74), and Delaware (74) are in ordinary. The brig *Perry* is waiting orders. The two steamers, Roanoke and Colorado, are to carry 80 guns each, with large 120-pounders. Marine officers, Major Edlin and (Brevet) Zeilen, J. H. Myers, Ordinary Sergeant, and forty rank and file.

Portsmouth, N. H.—This navy station is situated on a small island, and has been comparatively deserted by workmen during the winter. At present, however, the hands are being increased, as they have to build four new houses, fit the Franklin out for sea, commence a new steamer, and fit out the sloop-of-war *Vandall* for sea immediately. Vessels at Portsmouth: Constitution (Old Ironsides), Franklin, Santee and Vandallia. The Franklin cannot be launched before the fall. The number of men now working at Portsmouth yard is 140.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There are 850 men working in this yard, employed at the various works. Officers: Commodore Lavallete, Captain Turner, Lieut. Fletcher, Fielding, Cassino and Delegreen. Marine officers: Major Ferrett and Lieut. Jones.

PANAMA, FLA.—This is one of the finest yards in the Union, and for neatness and elegance is unsurpassed. It is situated seven miles from the town of Panama, with which it communicates by water, as the road is almost constantly impassable. There are two entrances at different extremities, one in Warrington and the other at Woolwich. A new marine barracks is to be shortly built. Commodore Roussau, Commander Mitchell, Lieut. Totten, and Captain Isaac Doughty, commanding marines.

THE NAVAL COURT OF INQUIRY.—On Monday, April 6, the defense of Lieut. Vuger, a lengthy document, was read before the Court, and it is said to have made up its judgment in the case, to be transmitted to the Secretary, when the official copy of the testimony shall have been written out.

ARMY.

General Order, No. 5. Headquarters of the Army, New York, April 4, 1887.

The General-in-Chief, with the approbation of the War Department, directs the following movements, changes and preparations:

1. Brevet Brigadier General Harney, turning over the command in Florida to the next officer in rank, will repair without delay to Fort Leavenworth and assume the command of that post. Special instructions will be addressed to him, at that place, from the War Department.

2. Lieut. Col. Johnston, First Cavalry, will proceed to St. Louis, Mo., to make preparations for the survey of the southern boundary of Kansas, with which he has been charged by the War Department, and thence to Fort Leavenworth. On his arrival, the commanding officer there will place at the disposal of Lieut. Col. Johnston a column to be composed of two squadrons of the First Cavalry and two companies of the Sixth Infantry, now at that post—the companies to be designated by the respective regimental commanders.

This column will be independently commanded by Lieut. Col. Johnston, under special instructions from the War Department.

3. A column of two squadrons of the First Cavalry will be moved along the line of the Arkansas river, as soon as the season permits, equipped and supplied for distant service during the summer. The companies to compose it will be designated by the regimental commander.

4. The remaining squadron of the First Cavalry will move, in like manner, along the line of the Platte river, and will be joined by the squadron of the Second Dragoons, now at Fort Kearney, and by three of the companies of the Sixth Infantry now at Fort Laramie, at such time and in such manner as may be directed by the officer commanding the whole force described in this and the preceding paragraph.

A fourth company of the Sixth Infantry, to be designated by the commanding officer of Fort Laramie, will remain to garrison that post.

5. Col. Sumner, First Cavalry, will exercise the general command of the two moving columns last designated above, and will march with either as he may elect. Special instructions for his guidance will be addressed to him from the headquarters of the army.

6. One or more prairie howitzers may be taken from Fort Leavenworth with each of the three columns.

7. The Tenth Infantry will move by water from Fort Snelling to Fort Leavenworth, and there take post as early as practicable, leaving two companies, (to be designated by the regimental commander,) one to remain in garrison at Fort Ridgely; the other, for the present, at Fort Ripley.

Fort Ripley will be abandoned as soon as the necessary measures can be taken for the disposition of the public property, when the company occupying it will take post at Fort Snelling.

8. The six companies of the Second Dragoons, now at Fort Riley, will proceed to take post at Fort Leavenworth.

9. A supply of forage, for some ten days or more, will be thrown out from Fort Leavenworth in advance of each of the three marching columns above designated; and their movements will be commenced in anticipation of grazing.

10. Desiccated vegetables will be furnished to the troops to a sufficient extent to secure them against scurvy.

11. Provision will be made for wagons and packs to accompany the troops; and mules, not to exceed five hundred, will be purchased for the march.

12. The proper departments of the staff will promptly make all necessary preparations for the equipment, supply and maintenance of the movements above ordered.

By command of Brevet Lieutenant General Scott. L. THOMAS, Assistant Adjutant General.

OBITUARY.

Mr. W. H. Reeves, the tenor singer, who came here from England some ten years ago with Madame Anna Bishop, and has since been attached to several English opera companies, died in this city on Friday of dropsy on the brain. Mr. Reeves leaves a wife and three children in very destitute circumstances. He was a brother of the great tenor Sims Reeves.

Died, at Lynn, Mass., on the evening of Tuesday, March 31, after an illness of about nine days, and in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Gould Brown, the distinguished author of the "Grammar of English Grammars."

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS.—In the city and county of New York, from the 4th day of April to the 11th day of April, 1887. Males, 73; women 84; boys, 146; girls, 165—total, 433. Adults, 167; children, 1; males, 219; females, 219; colored persons, 16.

FINANCIAL.

We find by the annual report upon the Savings Banks of the State that returns have been received from fifty-two of the banks. Eight have not made reports, either never having organized or else having closed up.

The sum total of deposits now held by our charter Savings Banks is \$41,699,002 31. This is an increase of \$5,586,737 69 over last year.

During the year 1886 the total number of deposits made in all the Savings Institutions of the State was 308,366, and the average amount of each deposit was \$73 60.

The total number of depositors' accounts in these institutions on the 1st of January, 1887, was 204,375.

The average sum at the credit of each depositor was \$204 00.

SHIPMENTS OF SPECIES FROM THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

March 30.—Steamer *Belgique*, Antwerp—American gold, \$1,000. *Black Warrior*, Havana—Spanish gold, \$239,633; Spanish silver, \$4,000. *Ship Monterey*, Sumatra—Spanish silver, \$54,000. *Schooner Maria Jane*, Poudre—gold, \$25,000; Spanish silver, \$6,075.

April 1.—Steamer *Africa*, Liverpool—California bars, \$145,800; California coin, \$26,000; U. S. Mint bars, \$134,391; Silver dollars, \$4,000. *Steamer Hammonia*, Hamburg—American gold, \$5,000.

April 2.—Steamer *Philadelphia*, Havana—Dimes, \$856; Doubletons, \$300. *Dark Teresa*, Maracaibo—American gold, \$6,000. *Dark Teresa*, St. Thomas—American gold, \$50,000.

April 3.—Brig *Anda Owen*, Nevitts—Spanish gold, \$5,882; Spanish silver, \$2,818. *Dark N. H. Guston*, Barbadoes—American gold, \$50,000.

April 4.—Steamer *Arago*, Havre—American gold, \$1,200; French gold, \$175. Total, \$742,232. Previously reported, \$4,963,326. Total in 1887, \$5,726,000.

TOTAL OPERATIONS OF THE NEW YORK TREASURY FOR 1886.

Receipts. As shown in statement No. 1.....\$17,762,067 82

On account of the sinking fund, for payment of city debt, as shown in statement No. 4.....1,215,016 46

For payment of interest (statement No. 5).....1,787,955 83

Total receipts in 1886.....\$20,765,039 91

Payments.

As shown in statement No. 1.....\$17,238,724 75

For payment of city debt (see statement No. 4).....1,769,586 21

For payment of interest (see statement No. 5).....1,356,626 86

Total amount paid.....\$20,364,937 82

Operations in real estate for the week ending April 11th: House and lot No. 165 87th street, 16x28, \$6,300; 1 lot on 8th avenue, near 52d street, 22x80, \$3,500; 1 lot corner 36th street and 5th avenue, 49x125, \$4,000; 1 do. adjoining, 27x100, \$14,350; 1 do. on 34th street, near 4th avenue, 24x98, \$8,250; 1 do. on 38th street, near Madison avenue, 25x98, \$6,650; 1 do. on rear on 37th street, 25x90, \$7,000; 1 do. corner Madison avenue and 30th street, 24x100, \$8,000; 1 do. near above, 25x100, \$6,625; 1 do. adjoining, 24x100, \$6,750; 1 do. corner of Madison avenue and 31st street, 25x95, \$10,500; 1 do. near above, 24x95, \$8,000; 1 do. corner 57th street, and 2d avenue, 25x90, \$3,600; 3 do. adjoining, each 25x90, each \$3,900; 3 do. 53d street, near 4th avenue, each 25x100, 25x100, \$1,850; 1 do. on 61st street, near 3d avenue, 25x100, \$1,000; house and lot 22 Church street, 22x50, \$17,250; do. 11 Reade street, 25x76, \$20,100; do. 116 16th street, 20x103, \$4,500; do. adjoining, 20x103, \$3,500; do. 87 W. 26th street, 16x93, \$4,000; do. 12 Boorman place, 20x98, \$8,810; do. 60 Nassau street, 24x50, \$45,000; do. 74 Monroe street, 20x100, \$3,900; 1 lot on 10th av. near 62d street, 25x100, \$350; 1 do. adjoining, 25x100, \$775; 1 do. adjoining, 25x100, \$780; 4 do. on rear on 62d street, each 25x100, \$760 each, \$3,040; 2 do. on 6th avenue, near 42d street, each 25x100, \$4,100 each, \$8,200; 1 do. corner 11th avenue and 42d street, 25x73, \$2,250; 1 do. adjoining, 25x78, \$1,550; 1 do. on 2d avenue, near 36th street, 24x55, \$2,050; 1 do. on 10th avenue, near 38th street, 24x100, \$1,950; 5 gores corner 62d street and Broadway, \$2,150 each, \$10,750; 4 lots corner 82d street, and 4th avenue, each 25x100, \$300 each, \$3,800; 3 do. 53d street, near 4th avenue, each 25x100, \$1,250 each, \$3,750; 6 do. 57th street, near 10th avenue, each 25x100, \$775 each, \$4,650; 4 do. on 7th street, near 11th avenue, each 25x100, \$780 each, \$3,120; 1 gore on 8 h avenue, near 116th street, \$475; 3 lots on 118th street, near 5th avenue, 25x100, \$300 each, \$900; 1 gore adjoining, \$210; 1 lot opposite, 25x188, \$250.

BROOKLYN.—House and lot on Douglass near Smith street, 18x100, \$4,600; do. Van Brunt near Commerce street, 25x90, \$1,150; Douglass street, South Brooklyn, house and lot 18x100, three story brick house, \$4,000; Commerce street, house and lot 25x90, two story brick cottage, \$1,150.

The following table will show the exports of the five principal staple articles for the week and year:

Week ending April 9.	Amount.	Value.	Amount.	Value.
Cotton, bales.....	7,367	\$941,616	4,748	\$518,420
Flour, bbls.....	10,471	\$5,876	24,981	154,254
Corn meal, bbls.....	3,449	1,084	1,134	6,113
Wheat, bush.....	27,806	40,900	26,639	42,205
Corn, bush.....	98,984	73,914	180,916	138,241
Beef, bbls and tes.....	1,222	21,586	1,172	31,274
Pork, bbls and tes.....	6,774	136,400	1,634	38,602
Total.....		\$701,050		\$773,079

Increase of week as compared with that of 1886, \$22,029.

The following is a comparative statement of the value of exports from the commencement of the year to April 9:

1886.	1887.	Increase.	Decrease.
Cotton.....	\$3,751,896	4,415,082	663,686
Flour.....	\$5,111,287	2,625,602	—
Corn meal.....	74,745	48,132	—
Wheat.....	1,638,427	1,849,815	—
Corn.....	885,341	1,014,774	129,438
Beef.....	613,761	152,899	—
Pork.....	1,307,240	355,451	—
Total.....	\$16,782,187	\$20,415,155	\$703,119
Decrease as compared with 1886.....			\$1,841,032

The exportation of specie from this port last week, Apr. 11, was, \$468,697 75

Previously reported.....\$5,726,000 72

Total 1887.....\$6,194,758 50

LITERARY.

DOCTOR ANTONIO, A TALE OF ITALY. By Ruffini, author of "Lo- renzo Benoni." Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway, New York.

We took up this volume with much expectation; we laid it down with infinite regret that we had come to the end of a work so beautiful, so fascinating and so truthful. The story is a simple one; it does not deal with startling incidents; there is no degraded humanity dragged in to excite a false and demoralizing sentiment, neither is there a single point strained for the sake of effect.

It deals with people as we have seen and known them; and while it shows in strong light some of the failings common to humanity as a body, and to classes as a peculiarity, it brings out all the most beautiful and most holy sentiments of our nature, and interests our heart and mind with absorbing power in the joys and sorrows of the human creatures so skillfully and so delicately drawn. It is a rare masterpiece of close metaphysical observation.

The characters are drawn with great breadth and marked individuality, and yet with a minuteness of detail which lays bare each emotion of their souls, every movement of their minds. The character of Lucy is one of the most lovely ever drawn by author. It is purely womanly; it is the being to whom true heart worship is given for those qualities which comfort and bless; unobtrusive in their beauty and holy in their influence. It is not over drawn, it is not highly colored; myriads of homes could furnish such characters, whose lives, though unwritten, are beautiful in every relation, pure in unselfish loving, holy in self-sacrifice. The character of Doctor Antonio is no less truthfully drawn; no less admirable in the details, and if perchance a little more ideal than that of Lucy, his isolation from the great world and his intercourse with simple people is sufficient to account for it naturally. The other characters are all admirably drawn, and serve to work out a tale in which there is no weakness, but only strength, gentleness and beauty.

The scene is laid in Italy, and the descriptions of its scenery makes us feel its sunshine, smell its flowers and breathe the balm of its air, while the deep delight of its influence sinks deep into the soul. The customs and manners of the people are developed in the tale, and the complications of unhappy but beautiful Italy for the few past years are detailed briefly, but with faithful accuracy. The whole book is elegantly and earnestly written, and will be treasured after it is read for that intrinsic merit which makes it classic. After what we have said, we need hardly recommend it to our readers. The book is produced in excellent style.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS, BY MICHAEL PHELAN. Second Edition. D. Appleton & Co., 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

We have read this book with great satisfaction. It is a clear, succinct and able treatise on the most fascinating of all games of amusement—billiards. It treats of everything, from the first handling of the cue up to the most elaborate and startling compound shots. The learner is taught how to grasp the cue; how to form a bridge; how to graduate his strength; and is shown by skillful diagrams the various results of striking his ball full, half, quarter, above and below, and also its direction when coming in contact with the object ball. The book abounds with illustrations of difficult positions in which the balls may fall, and the shots which a skillful player may accomplish in such positions. Many of the combinations are especially curious, and the results hardly credible to a common player. The game of billiards is becoming now so universal, almost all the first-class houses having a room built specially adapted to accommodate a table, that this work on the game of billiards, being

A Glasgow publishing house attempted to publish a work that should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. After having been carefully read by six experienced proof-readers, it was posted up in the hall of the University, and a reward of £500 offered to any one who should detect an error. Each page remained two weeks in this place; and yet, when the work was issued, several errors were discovered, one of which was in the first line of the first page.



SCENE OF THE FEARFUL ACCIDENT NEAR NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLMES.

INTERNATIONAL SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

THE suspension bridge thrown across the Niagara river, two miles below the cataract, is one of the finest specimens of this kind of architecture existing in the world. It was completed in the year 1855, under that skilful engineer, Mr. Roeblins. Its object is to connect the Great Western Railroad of Canada with the several railways which extend through the State of New York. The bridge is a single span of eight hundred feet in length, raised two hundred and thirty feet above the water, and supported by four iron cables nine and a half inches in diameter, with an ultimate capacity of sustaining ten thousand tons. There are two floors, the upper for the railroad track, the lower one for wagons and foot passengers. The east end of the bridge commands a fine view of the Falls and of the rapids for three-fourths of a mile under and below the bridge, until they reach the whirlpool. The water of these rapids runs at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, with breakers dashing from ten to twenty feet in height. The Niagara river flows from Lake Erie and discharges the waters of the great upper lakes, Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie into Lake Ontario, which lakes contain in their basins nearly half the fresh water on the surface of the globe. A mile above the Falls commence the rapids, which have a descent of about fifty-seven feet, the mighty river by one bound comes rushing over a precipice of one hundred and sixty feet in height, discharging, it is estimated, more than a million tons of water every hour, accompanied by a solemn and tremendous roar, audibly heard from five to twenty miles. No object in nature, when fully comprehended, is more truly sublime than this "Thunder of Waters," and the effect is increased by the mighty span of the suspension bridge, which seems thrown by some gigantic power across the yawning gulf below.

On Sunday, March 31st, a gentleman, apparently over fifty years of age, named E. C. Taylor, from West Winfield, Herkimer county, New York, while enjoying a prospect of the rapids near the bridge, proceeded down the perilous steps on the banks of the river, near Witmer's flouring mill. On reaching the bottom, he slipped and fell into the water, just above the bridge, and, when discovered, was thirty or forty rods below the bridge, near the shore, rolling over and over, borne along by the resistless current, until he caught hold of a large rock, and after some fruitless struggles succeeded in reaching the top. The alarm was imme-

diately given in the neighborhood, and it was soon decided that there was no way of reaching him but by means of a rope ladder. This was immediately procured, and after much hesitation, delay, and alteration, occasioned by the difficulty of

determining where to place it, inasmuch as the man could not be seen from the projecting bank over his head, it was lowered to the depth of perhaps a hundred feet and became entangled among the rocks and trees. It was at once decided that some one must go down to disentangle it, and conduct it down as far as the shelving rock over the man's head. But who among the crowd was willing to undertake the hazardous and doubtful experiment.

In a few moments, Willard B. Coburn, porter of the Ludlow Hotel, volunteered his services, and proceeded to the place where the ladder was attached to the trees. He needed assistance, and soon two more brave men, Anthony Shiley and Nats Crane, offered to go down. The three courageous men worked bravely for more than an hour in conducting the ladder down the precipice, while men at the top carefully let it down. At length the waving of handkerchiefs and cheerings on the Canada side indicated to us that the man had sprung to the shore from the rock, and had begun to ascend the ladder.

Crane went down over the shelving rock to meet and help the man up the ladder. But Taylor preferred to climb up without help. Crane went below him, and in a few moments the head of the rescued man was seen emerging from below. What a thrill of joy and dread at once pervaded the hearts of the multitude that witnessed the exciting scene—joy because of his success thus far, and fear lest wet, cold, and almost exhausted, he should lose his hold on the ladder, and be dashed to fragments on the rocks a hundred feet below. But cautiously, and with firm grasp and step, he climbed up the ladder, three hundred feet in length, and was greeted by the shouts and acclamations of the hundreds of spectators who had assembled to witness the exciting scene. He was for a few moments borne on the shoulders of the excited multitude, all were so anxious to congratulate him. This well meant but mistaken kindness only exhausted the poor man all the more, but he at length was able to speak and thank them.

As might have been expected, the mass of the people for the moment seemed to forget that the faithful and brave Crane was yet below. A few remained near the top of the ladder to see him safe up, and to speak words of commendation for his self-forgetting courage. As Coburn, after reaching the top of the ladder, turned round to look the rescued man in the face, with deep emotion he exclaimed: "Why it is the very man I waited on at the breakfast table this morning." He had not till that moment discovered that the man was a guest of the Ludlow Hotel.



GEN. LEWIS CASS, OF MICHIGAN, SECRETARY OF STATE. AMBROTYPED BY WHITEHURST. SEE PAGE 319.

PRESENT STATE OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

WHILE our artists were at the national capital engaged in making sketches for our "inauguration paper," one of them occupied a leisure hour in sketching the once much-talked-of monument, proposed, so say its founders, to be in honor to the memory of "the father of his country." The design of this memorial is strikingly original, being a close imitation of the form only less simple than the sphere, viz., the square, the natural shape it would seem of chimneys, and adopted by the savans who erected the "Bunker Hill Monument." There are several manufactories in different parts of the country that have these aspiring "smoke pipes" much higher and more beautiful in their architectural proportions than the one near "Breed's Hill." We



ROGER A. PRYOR, EDITOR OF "THE SOUTH," RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BENJAMIN OF RICHMOND.

suppose that the monumental elevation, the foundation of which we give in our engraving, was copied from the Bunker Hill example, and this, so far as its design is concerned, can be traced back with great certainty to the original form of the "chimney stack." It would be a curious history if one could get all the particulars relating to this primitive piece of architecture. For a time the subscriptions for its construction poured in merrily, and "inscription stones" from all the States were quarried, manufactured, and emblazoned with arms, mottoes and monstrosities, and sent on to Washington. Even wily vendors of patent medicines were seized with patriotic ardor, and very ingeniously managed to honor Washington, and advertise pills. It seems, however, that the people got exhausted in well-doing, and the last dodge to raise money, collecting dimes at election precincts, eventually failed: the vitality of the "monumental corporation" finally oozed out, and all things connected with its construction have come to an end. We cannot lament over this catastrophe; there was nothing in the original conception of this monument that elicited the sympathies of the nation, or in any way appealed to its well-known patriotic impulses. Any conceivable monument in honor of Washington seems always when carried out to be unsatisfactory, and to fall short of the innate conception of the mind when reflecting upon his character and services. The greatest monument to his memory is the union and prosperity of these States. So long as a fraternal policy is preserved between the sections, so long as our public men agree to differ, but never to disagree, so long will Washington's memory be honored, and nothing more is needed to proclaim his great-

ness over all other men who have ever lived.

The height of the Monument at present is one hundred and seventy-four feet. Among the inscribed stones intended for the adornment of the inside of the column are to be seen those presented by the Continental Guard, of New Orleans; Fire Department of Philadelphia; Eureka Lodge, New York city; Alexandrian Library of Egypt; Tuscarora tribe, No. 3; Disciples of Daguerre; Episcopal Sunday Schools of New York; Episcopal Sunday Schools of Philadelphia; many Lodges; city of Baltimore; city of Bremen, Germany; the American Medical Association; a block of Vesuvius lava; one composed of silver and copper, from Michigan; fragments of stone from the foundations of Carthage; together with the contributions from the several States and Territories.

The monument, as our readers are aware, stands on a marshy place on the banks of the Potomac, about a half mile from the President's house. By looking at the picture will be perceived on the right hand a distant view of the Washington Observatory, on the left the Potomac river. The long building at the base of the column is occupied by the different stones contributed by the States, public institutions, masonic societies, fire companies, State militia, foreign governments, and cities. These interesting relics are exhibited by a jolly son of Erin, who stays in the three-cornered hovel just at the end of the long shanty. Pat is the only living soul who can permanently live in the vicinity, and his business is to exhibit "the curiosities, and appeal to visitors for subscriptions in behalf of American feeling, American sentiment, and native glory." He offers at the same time a very well executed engraving, representing the monument as it will be when completed, said picture resembling three sea biscuits impaled on the end of a perpendicular rolling-pin. All about is indicative of neglect and decay, the ground is covered by broken fragments of rock, giving it the appearance of a graveyard that had been wrecked in a storm. No music is ever heard in the vicinity, and silence reigns save when the derisive laugh is heard from the thoughtless visitor as he gazes upon the strange monstrosity before him. But thanks to gravitation, this monument of bad taste is not for ever to remain an eyesore to the people of Washington city, and an offence to the citizens of all the world, for the north-west corner of the shapeless pile is already burying itself in the muddy bank of the Potomac, and before many years we will have a leaning tower, or an unmeaning mass of fallen stones and mortar. To complete it is impossible without taking down what is already erected, and by spile-driving and the outlay of a half million, secure a proper foundation on which to have it rest.

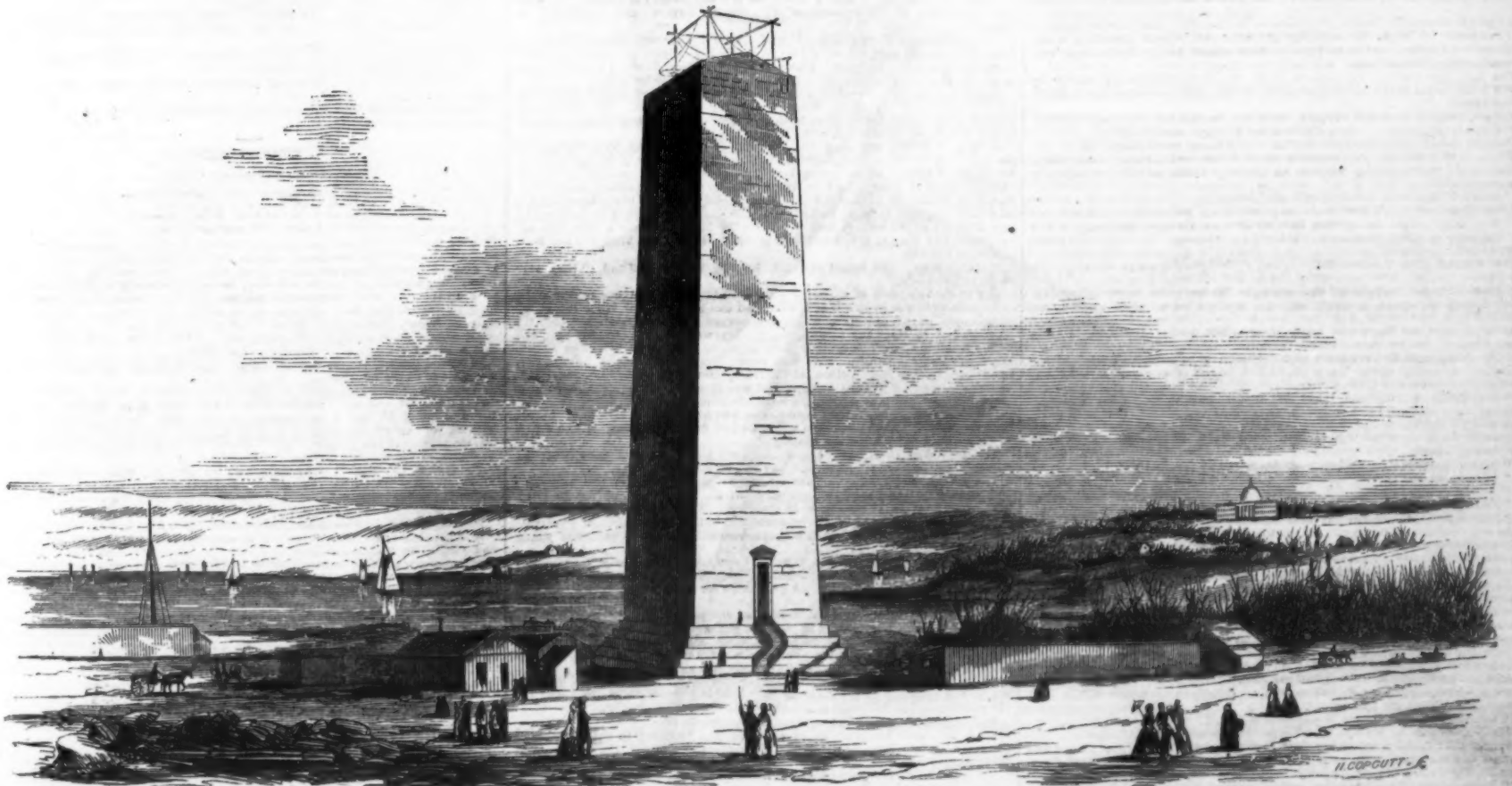
ROGER A. PRYOR, EDITOR OF "THE SOUTH,"
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

ROGER A. PRYOR is a native of Eastern Virginia, and is now twenty-eight years old. He graduated at Hampden Sidney College, and for several years attended the University of Virginia, where he studied law. He commenced his editorial career in



FEARFUL ACCIDENT NEAR NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE. REPRODUCED BY E. C. TAYLOR FROM THE RAPIDS.

Petersburg, Va., as editor of the *Southside Democrat*. He afterwards accepted an invitation to become an editor of the *Washington Union*, but left that paper in less than one year, in consequence of the expression of opinion in favor of Russia, in the Eastern War, in an article which was published in the *National Intelligencer*. He then purchased an interest in the *Richmond Enquirer*, which he edited for three years, and was in the great contest between Democracy and Know-Nothingism in 1855. He was then sent by Mr. Pierce on a special mission to Greece, and succeeded in settling the difficulty between that kingdom and the United States. He is now editor and proprietor of a paper in the city of Richmond, bearing the significant name of *The South*. That the paper will be ably conducted there cannot be a doubt, but how far its purposes will be sustained by the people whose interests it especially advocates remains to be seen. Mr. Pryor



PRESENT STATE OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BANKS OF THE POTOMAC, WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

is a bold writer, and unfolds his designs without fear and asks for no favors. His paper will undoubtedly be the acknowledged organ of the extremists of the South, and if they allow it to fail for want of support, the moral effect will be destruction to the political strength supposed to be possessed by the friends of the measures advocated by Mr. Pryor. Of his paper Mr. Pryor says: "To that institution which distinguishes the slaveholding States in the confederacy, divides them into a separate community, makes them an object of fanatical hatred and the victim of Federal injustice; to that institution which exposes them to the same danger and unites them in the same destiny, and to the vital interests of public policy, education, agriculture, commerce, and industrial development which engage the thought and energies of their people, and constitute them a distinct and peculiar commonwealth: in short, to those institutions and interests, to those political principles, social characteristics and intellectual tendencies; to those common necessities and aspirations which are embraced and suggested in the word South, the paper acknowledges a primary and paramount allegiance, and pledges an inflexible fidelity and a zealous service."

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS NAME," "THE SOWER OF FORTUNE,"

"MURDER GUILTY," ETC.

(Continued in No. 523)

CHAPTER XXXIX.—CONTINUED.

Peter touched his arm, and pointed to the piece of furniture.

"Too heavy!" said his master, "too heavy!"
The old soldier shook his head to intimate that such was not his meaning.
"What is it, then? Can ye no' speak out?"
"Break it open!"
"What with?"

Bodger displayed his huge, bony fist, which he raised for an instant in the air, then let it fall like a sledge-hammer on the escutcheon. At the second blow the lid fell, shivered into a dozen pieces.

The Scot immediately set to work to examine its contents. These consisted chiefly of letters; amongst others was a packet labelled "To be destroyed before my death," signed Richard Burg.

How often have we seen the same intention frustrated, as in the present instance, by the suddenness of the blow which deprived the writer of life!

A glance informed the finder that they were in the handwriting of Marmaduke, with copies of the answers which his brother had sent.

"Weel, weel," said the Scot, "I think we ha' done pretty well for one night; so we'll e'en return to the library, Peter, and reflect on the means of securing these things from those who would make an evil use of them."

"Easy," answered Bodger.

"Is it so easy?" replied his master. "The whole country will be searched for them far and wide. It's no trifling risk I run in removing the title-deeds of a large estate without the permission of their owner. Would he were here to give it. Perhaps," he added, sarcastically, "since you find it so easy to conceal them, you'll tell me where."

"The mine."

"Positively, Peter, ye are endowed wi' something more than instinct this blessed night; it almost amounts to reason. The mine," he added, muttering to himself; "yea, yea, they will be safe enough there."

Having come to this decision, they both quitted the strong-room.

It was nearly daybreak before the doctor and his man had replaced all the books in their proper position on the shelves, and removed every trace of their discovery, after which they retired to rest. The next morning the former quitted the house as if on his usual visit to his patients, taking the title-deeds and letters with him, leaving strict orders with Peter not to quit the room till his return; a direction which the old soldier obeyed, with his usual punctuality, to the very letter, to the great annoyance both of the steward and housekeeper, who could scarcely control their impatience to have the mansion to themselves.

When the Scot returned to Burg Hall to his dinner, there was a complacent smile upon his features. He had fully satisfied himself of the importance both of the parchments and papers, and placed them far beyond the reach of the pretended heir and his advisers. He might hold the property for a while, but it would only be in trust for its legitimate owner; he could neither sell nor encumber it; the mischief, therefore, was not irreparable.

"Weel, Bodger," exclaimed the old man, as soon as the shutters were closed, and candles brought into the library; "our task is not over yet, but I ken right weel that I can trust ye."

The observation was made in the tone of a man who asks, *Can I trust ye?* and as such a question had never before been raised between them, Peter looked disconcerted. The fact was, he felt both hurt and surprised.

"I should think so," he growled.

"There's nae thought about it, man," replied the doctor, "I'm certain of it, and spoke like a fule when I expressed a doubt; but it's rather a queer step I have taken, see! I possess nae legal right to remove a single document from the house. Noo, Peter," he added, "it's just possible that our explorin' excursion o' last night may be found out."

"Is it?"

"And one o' us sent to prison."

"I'll go."

"But suppose they should question ye afore the magistrate, what will ye answer?"

"Nothing."

Despite the impatience of Snape and Mrs. Lawrence, the speakers still remained, strictly speaking, tenants-at-will in Burg Hall; and what added to their annoyance was the unaccountable obstinacy with which the Scot refused to give up possession of the library. He passed his nights as well as days there.

Although the verdict in the great case of Burg v. Burg had been in favor of the claimant, he appeared anything but impatient to take possession of the property. Day after day his visit was unaccountably postponed, to the great astonishment of the steward.

The fact was, Harry's lawyers, on their own responsibility, had moved for a new trial, to the entire satisfaction of Dr. Curry, who saw the announcement in the paper.

"Weel, Snape," he would exclaim, whenever he met the dishonest servant in the house or grounds, "Burg Hall has not changed masters yet."

On such occasions the man would turn with a bitter smile away. Things had continued in this state about three weeks, when, one evening, just as the Scot was sitting down to his dinner, a chaise and four drove up to the mansion.

"At last!" muttered the old gentleman, bitterly.

Peter looked wistfully, first at his dragon's saddle, and then at his master.

"Nay, nay," added the speaker, in reply to the mute interrogation; "that's no' the way; cunning man be encountered wi' cunning. He is no' the worst general that sometimes retreats, as we shall have to do; so no violence."

The veteran gave a dissatisfied "amph!" he would have preferred trying his logic.

"There they are," continued the doctor, as the travellers descended. "Sir John Sellem—many an honest man has made his speech at Newgate; that's Wigget, the lawyer, I suspect; and, is it possible, the young officer who was down here wi' Harry and young Tracy? Not the first false friend! And here, I take it, the successful rascal himself."

Those commentaries were made as the respective personages alighted at the principal entrance, where the steward and housekeeper stood, bowing and courtesying, to receive them.

"Nae doubt," said the Scot, "but they'll make short work wi' the clearin'."

Some time elapsed before any communication took place between the party just arrived and the speaker. Snape, at last, made his appearance, with a triumphant smile upon his features. Throwing open the door, with an insolent air, he exclaimed:

"Squire Brandon Burg desires to see Dr. Curry in the dining-room."

"I don't ken the man."

"But he knows you."

"Ye-haps not," answered the former, with a peculiar, sly expression. "If the person you speak of has anything to communicate, he will find me here."

In a few minutes after having learnt the result of his message, Brandon and his associates made their appearance. Dr. Curry neither rose upon their entrance nor invited them to be seated. He felt as every honest man feels—how much superior he is even to the most successful rogue.

Thanks to the tuition of Albert Mortimer, who, from motives of his own, had undertaken the task of training the smooth Yankee out into something like decency of manner and language, Brandon now made a very passable appearance. His language, unless when excited, was free from those idiomatic and singular expressions which characterized him when first he had the pleasure of introducing him to our readers. In other words, the picture as it now stood was so exceedingly well varnished that it required the eye of a connoisseur to detect the coarseness of the original painting.

"I presume, sir," he said, bowing stiffly, "that you are aware of the decision which renders me master of this estate?"

"Oh, yea, I and the means it was obtained by."

Sir John Sellem bit his lips, and Wigget turned very red in the face.

"Still that decision has been given," observed Albert Mortimer, "and you cannot feel surprised, after your extraordinary conduct, that my friend Brandon requests you will quit his house instantly."

"Your friend!" repeated the doctor, sarcastically: "When you first came to these parts, sir, it was wi' another friend; fair looks, fair looks, and fine speeches," he added, "but a treacherous black heart."

"Out of respect to your years," exclaimed the banker, Mr. Burg wishes to avoid violence."

"Prudence, ye mean, Sir John, prudence: the respect of an honest life protects me: a hand raised against me would bring the miners on ye. Snape ken it weel. I'd no have slept securely as many nights beneath the same roof wi' him, had he not; the hatred he bore to pair Franklin, who was found murdered by the old shaft—bless ye, it's just nothing to the hate he feels against me."

The steward turned exceedingly pale at this allusion to the fate of his former rival.

"Am I to understand, sir," demanded Wigget, "that you refuse to quit the house?"

"That's just it."

"Upon what authority do you insist on remaining?"

"Weel, I'll no object to showing you," answered the Scot, at the same time drawing from his pocket Harry's written authority to keep possession of the hall.

The lawyer read it carefully.

"It's useless now," he said.

"I canna see that."

"The verdict of the jury—"

"May be set aside," interrupted Dr. Curry, "mair especially on the evidence some of his friends can give; but that's no all—Harry's counsel have moved for a new trial."

"Which their client refuses," exclaimed Brandon, in a triumphant tone, at the same time producing Harry's letter. "My cousin has acted like an honest man, and I intend to provide for him handsomely."

"If you will read that letter, Dr. Curry," observed Albert Mortimer, "you will find that you have no longer the shadow of a pretence for remaining at Burg Hall."

The old gentleman ran his eye over it; there was no mistaking the handwriting.

"Puir lad," he muttered, "puir lad, to have fallen into the hands of such harpies. I'll gang and leave you to the triumph of your villany; but take my word for it, it will be a short one. *Adieu*," he added; "when I return, I will not be alone."

"Surely he cannot intend to raise the miners on us," observed Sir John Sellem, somewhat nervously.

To this observation the Scot did not condescend to make any reply; but, having first ordered Peter Bodger to pack up his trunk, he quitted the mansion, leaving his dinner untasted, and set out at once on foot across the park to his own house in Alston Moor, leaving his faithful domestic to follow him, which he did in less than an hour afterwards.

There was a merry party that night at the Hall; but in the midst of their enjoyment one thought would obtrude itself.

"What did the doctor mean by threatening that when he returned it should not be alone?"

"It matters but little," said the banker, after a dozen guesses had been hazarded—"provided he does not rec' Marmaduke Burg from his grave."

At this there was a general laugh; for Marmaduke had long been numbered by all who knew him with the dead. There appeared, therefore, but little probability of his ever starting up to repudiate the paternity of the adventurer who had usurped his name.

CHAPTER XL.

Children are blind and powerful; their world lies more justly balanced partly at their feet, and part far from them.—WORDSWORTH.

Once satisfied that Miss Cheery was really the daughter of his former friend, and every way fit to be the associate with his darling child, General Trelawny promoted the intimacy between them by every means in his power. It had been proposed both by himself and Bella that the orphan should take up her abode at the Grange, an arrangement, however, which Emma gratefully but positively declined. She could not quit the simple-minded, affectionate girl who had been the companion of her imprisonment, the untiring, faithful nurse during her illness. It would have appeared heartless and ungrateful.

Her new friends comprehended the delicacy of her sentiments, and their respect increased with their disappointment.

Gratia, the effect of an association with one of her own age, a being to whom she could confide thoughts, regrets, and feelings sacred even from a father's ear, was most salutary; it brought health to her mind, which had grown morbid; and Eugenia began to suspect that the heartless scheme she had planned for the destruction of her sister's happiness would be disappointed. It was saddest, but no longer that deep despondency which forbids one ray of hope.

Needless to say that she hated Miss Cheery accordingly, and treated her, when her father was not present, with that patronising condescension which, to a sensitive mind, is far more painful than unkindness. It was not long, however, before she thoroughly appreciated both her motives and disposition.

"There is nothing like the exercise of an active benevolence," she frequently observed to Bella, as they walked together in the grounds during her daily visits to the Grange, "as a cure for the heartache; in diffusing happiness around we forget our own care."

"Ah! Emma," replied the blushing girl, for she felt the lesson, "I wish I had your strength of mind. I should have died under half the misery and disappointment you have endured; my health nearly gave way under the first serious shock it received. You cannot imagine," she added, "how much stronger I feel both mentally and bodily since I have had a friend to counsel and advise me. The secret of my love for Harold Tracy was corroding my very heart."

"Not so," answered her companion, with a smile, "for that love was pure; it was the ill-advised oath by which you bound yourself never to marry him."

"Poor Harold!" sighed Bella.

"Poor Bella!" sighed her friend, playfully.

"To you mock me?"

"You know that I love you too well for that," answered the orphan, embracing her warmly. "It was your despondency that provoked my mirth. You surely cannot suppose Miss Trelawny wicked and heartless enough not to release you from the pledge which sisterly affection and regard for her own interests extorted from you. The supposition is monstrous and unnatural."

"You do not know Eugenia," was the reply. "She would rather see me in my coffin than ever consent to my becoming the wife of Harold Tracy."

"In that case you must appeal to your father," observed Miss Cheery.

"I would do so," replied Bella, with difficulty repressing her tears, "but that I fear that his partiality for me might induce him to act unjustly to her. Emma! dear Emma!" she added, becoming every instant still more agitated, "in that partiality lies all the cause of my misery. It set my sister's heart against me."

"And can you not divine a cause for it," suggested her hearer, "in your own amiability of temper—warm, affectionate nature, and sensibility of heart?"

"It has been so from childhood; and even if I possessed the qualities your friendship would give me credit for, it would not explain it. Indeed, indeed, it makes me very unhappy. I cannot tell you how dearly I loved Eugenia once, or, despite her unkindness, how my heart clings to her still."

From the above conversation it was clear that the most perfect confidence existed between the speakers, although so lately acquainted. The sympathies of their nature had drawn them to each other. There is something magnetic in the attractions of innocence and virtue.

Instead of feeling anything like jealousy at the intimacy, Mrs. Corling—as we must not forget to designate her for the future, that is, if we can avoid it, for there is something so natural both to ourselves and readers in the old familiar name of Nancy, that we fear it will slip from our pen—rejoiced at it. The humiliated woman felt that Miss Cheery required the companionship of a mind superior to hers; and whenever Bella, in her father's elegant equipage, drove up at her cottage door to call for the invalid to take a ride, she felt as proud and happy, aye, ten times more so, than if the kindness had been offered to herself.

"Bless them," she would exclaim, turning to her husband, "they were made to be friends."

Her husband's smile of approval rewarded her for the generous sentiment.

As soon as it was known that the General and Sir Mordaunt Tracy interested themselves in the prosperity of the new carpenter in Granston, not only the arms, but most of the neighboring gentry were eager to employ him, and orders came in so plentifully that there appeared every prospect of his establishing a profitable business. Kit, who never forgot any promise he had ever made, wrote off to Mrs. Watson, at Chelton, offering to receive her son. It is needless to say how joyfully the proposal was received. James was half out of his wits at the prospect of seeing his friends again.

"Wait a week or so," said Chasley, who had accompanied him home to talk over the affair, "and Bob Spiers will take you down with him. I know it is his intention to give himself a holiday."

The poor boy thought a week or so a very long time, but consented; the lessons that lodger had given him had not been thrown away.

T village school, like most similar institutions, was under the inspection and at once of a ladies' committee, of which Miss Tracy and the Miss Trelawny, as a matter of course, were members. At first the old maid had been exceedingly distant with the new assistants, but Susan's behavior overcame even her prejudices, and she finally pronounced her a very excellent young person.

Having come to this decision, it would have been rather dangerous for any one in the place to have questioned it; Mrs. Margaret considered her good opinion of any one as a sufficient guarantee for their possessing every virtue under the sun.

To do her justice, it was very rarely that she gave it.

Although greatly interested in the poor girl's favor, the baronet had wisely refrained from ever calling at the school-house, consequently Susan had never seen him; and it was not till the occasion of a little fête which Bella, with the assistance of Emma and Nancy, got up for the amusement of the children, that she found an opportunity of thanking him for his benevolence, which she did in the presence of his sister in so simple and grateful a manner that the old gentleman felt delighted at having hit on the means of serving her.

This occurred in one of the walks of the garden in front of the school-house. Immediately after having done so, the poor girl returned to the side of the chair in which Mrs. Barlow was sitting contemplating the children at their play.

"She is really very pretty," observed Sir Mordaunt, gazing after her. Margaret drew herself up.

"She is good, brother; and that is better than beauty."

"Did you think so when you were young?"

"I beg you will not shock me with any libertine remarks," exclaimed the spinster, fairly. Perhaps she did not altogether admire the allusion to her youth. "When you were young" is a dangerous phrase even for a brother to venture upon.

"You mistake me."

"Recollect where you are, Sir Mordaunt," interrupted Miss Tracy. "A scene like this ought to inspire other ideas. I blush for you."

The gentleman bore her ill-humor and dignified reproofs very good-naturedly; in fact, he had nothing to blush for; but his sister, in conversation, invariably affected a virtuous superiority over her brother, forgetting that he was no longer the giddy fashionable rousé of five-and-twenty, but a sedate country gentleman of sixty-three, who had lost as far as it was possible, with such a living memento mori at the hall, the recollection of the follies for which he had once been so notorious, and paid so dearly.

To do her justice, the lady had quite forgotten hers, which were of a far less reprehensible character, and, what was wiser, had never confessed them even to herself.

The scene to which the old maid alluded was one of those quiet bits of English landscape which Gainsborough alone could have done justice to. The old-fashioned cottage, with its quaint gables in the background, with the schoolmistress seated before the porch, and Susan standing by her side; the children at play—happy, joyous and wild with delight and mirth, which speaks the influence and sunshine of the heart—some swinging, others twisting garlands of wild flowers, in which they attempted to catch their younger companions.

Bella and Miss Cheery enjoyed the happiness they had created: the infants ran to them without the slightest hesitation, and held them by their dress, looking into their eyes with that love and confidence which is certain of a similar return. Not so with Eugenia: they evidently stood very much in awe of her, and whenever they passed her in the midst of their racing, would suddenly stop to drop one of their best Sunday curtesies.

"They will drive me mad," murmured the selfish beauty, "mad! this life is slowly killing me: any fate is better than this, except," she added, with a bitter glance towards her sister, "the pang of seeing her and Harold Tracy united."

The worst of it was, she saw no prospect of change in her present mode of existence. General Trelawny would not hear of a removal to London, so long as the country secured health to his favorite daughter.

Never had sin entrained more completely the punishment it merited. The consequences of the oath Eugenia had extorted from Bella were falling on herself. She was pining with ennui, whilst her sister, under the sympathising guidance of Miss Cheery, was slowly recovering from its deadly influence.

To pass the time, Miss Trelawny had brought a volume of some fashionable French romance, which she continued to read, lifting her eyes, however, from time to time when some loud burst of mirth called off her attention from the page.

It was at one of these moments she recognised Albert Mortimer and a stranger, whom she had never seen before, gazing upon her from the opposite side of the garden hedge.

"What can he want?" she thought. "Does he imagine that solitude and the country have done their work? He may come: I shall not stoop so low a second time."

The gentlemen entered the garden—Albert under pretence of inquiring after his mother, who had remained at the Grange. He was warmly received by the General—who had honored the fête with his presence—and but coldly by the sisters.

"I am sorry Mrs. Mortimer is not with us," observed Bella. "She would have been so delighted to see you. We left her at home slightly indisposed."

The young officer expressed the pleasure he felt in finding the fair girl looking so much better than when she left London.

"Does she not?" exclaimed the delighted father, gazing on her fondly.

"No place like the country. I begin to detest town; have serious thoughts of giving up the house I took for three years there, and settling entirely at the Grange."

Albert glanced involuntarily at Eugenia to read her thoughts, but the countenance of the proud girl was impassable—whatever her feelings, she scorned to show them.

By this time Sir Mordaunt Tracy, his sister and Miss Cheery had joined the group. The baronet shook hands with the young man, and welcomed him cordially, recollecting that he had been Harold's companion.

"By the by," said the General, "you have not introduced your friend to us."

With an unembarrassed air Albert Mortimer presented Mr. Brandon Burg. The gentleman bowed stiffly.

Poor Emma started at the name, supposing it to be that of the man who had so heartlessly deprived her of her little fortune.

"The claimant of Burg Hall, I believe," observed the baronet, pointedly.

"The possessor, Sir Mordaunt, the undisputed possessor of that property," replied Brandon. "My cousin, feeling that he has no moral claim to the estate, has refused to prosecute a legal one, and withdrawn from the contest."

"If such is the case, he has acted nobly," exclaimed General Trelawny.

"Very," added Miss Tracy.

"Or foolishly?" said her brother.

"Nobly or foolishly," repeated Albert Mortimer, anxious to produce a favorable impression for his companion, "my friend has requested me to accompany him to Granston, in the hope of obtaining some elucidation of a circumstance which has defeated his intention of raising a sum of money which it is his wish to settle on his cousin."

"To Granston?" repeated the baronet, in a tone of surprise. "What can I possibly have to do with the affair?"

"The title-deeds of the estate are missing, and Brandon thought they might possibly have been confided to your keeping."

"I have never seen them," replied the uncle of our hero; "doubtless they are in the hands of the lawyers."

"No."

"Harry's banker, then."

"We have applied in vain."

"Stay," said the baronet, recollecting himself. "I remember to have heard your cousin tell my nephew that they were in the strong-room at Burg Hall, and that he had suffered his seal to the door."

"We found the seal unbroken," exclaimed Brandon, bitterly, "but the deeds were gone. I begin to think my cousin's generosity affected, yet every other paper has been given up."

"Perhaps, sir, amongst others," exclaimed General Trelawny, "you found a bond executed by your uncle Richard to Captain Cheery, this young lady's father, for five thousand pounds."

"Not the bond, but the receipt for the repayment of it."

"Signed by whom?" exclaimed Emma.

"By —"

A look from Mortimer checked the name.

"I really forget," added the Yankee. "Perhaps it is some other bond; at any rate whatever claims this lady may have, I only require them to be fairly proved, and I will honorably discharge them."

"Spoken like a gentleman," said the General, "and I, for one, Mr. Burg am happy to welcome you to Granston."

Sir Mordaunt Tracy, with equal politeness, but not quite so warmly, expressed the same.

From that day the Yankee adventurer dated his first admission into really good English society.

CHAPTER XLII.

He hath as many masks as Proteus wears, A face for each occasion—siding his guile Neath honest seeming: 'tis a ravished sheet—A page in either those who have the key Also can read; and when 'tis read, the pains Bring forth scant profit.—THE AUTHOR.

To have deceived both General Trelawny and Sir Mordaunt Tracy by his affected liberality towards his cousin—which, we scarcely need observe, existed only in words—Brandon Burg must have been ably tutored; and the letter which Harry, in a moment of generous feeling, had unfortunately written, tended to keep up the deception. Neither the baronet nor his friend could for an instant imagine that it had been dictated by an excess of delicacy, or overstrained sense of honor, but naturally came to the conclusion that the writer was in possession of facts touching his adversary's claim to the estate which bound him as an honest man to decline further litigation.

In consequence of this opinion Brandon was received as a guest both at the Grange and Granston Hall.

When the general first spoke to him on the subject of Miss Cheery's bond, and the hardness of her case, the Yankee expressed great surprise. It was the first word he had ever heard of such a claim: to be sure, there was nothing very surprising in the circumstance, seeing that he had so lately come into possession of the property, and had not yet found time to look over the accounts, or his cousin's papers.

The fact of the bond having been lost, he declared, with seeming candor, could not affect the claim. He should blush to take advantage of such an accident; and, on his return to London, he would make inquiries of Sir John Sellem; adding, that he only required the moral proof to discharge it.

No wonder that he rose in the opinion of his new friends daily.

It is needless to say that, in acting so manly and disinterested a part, he had yielded to the inspirations of Albert Mortimer, who obtained over him that influence which a strong mind naturally exercises over a weak one; the sharp Yankee being utterly incapable, in his own selfish nature, of one noble sentiment or feeling, although he could net them to the life when necessary to advance his interests, or to deceive.

"I cannot make out," he observed, on the evening of his first introduction to Sir Mordaunt Tracy and the general,

Had the clever Mr. Brandon seen the mingled expression of contempt and wrath which flashed for an instant in the usually cold, calculating glance of his Mentor, he might have asked himself the question a second time.

"I don't like the game of blind-man's-buff you are playing with me!" exclaimed the adventurer.

"Do you suspect me?" demanded Albert, haughtily.

"No, not exactly suspect you," deliberately drawled the American. "What I complain of is that I can't understand you."

"And yet the game is clear enough," was the reply.

"Well, I was never reckoned a fool afore, I guess," observed Brandon, whose vanity was piqued at the tone of superiority assumed over him.

"Well, then," answered Mortimer, "in the first place, I wish to withdraw you from the hands of Sir John Sellem, who has driven a hard bargain with you, taking to himself the lion's share of the spoil. This, the loss of the title-deeds, which have unaccountably disappeared from the strong-room at Burg Hall, and the discovery of his having forged Miss Cheery's receipt for the repayment of the five thousand pounds, which it is evident he charged your Quixotic cousin with, will enable me to do. It is silence for silence."

"But how am I to obtain money to pay Wigget and Tye their demand?" inquired the former, who felt anything but dissatisfied at the idea of throwing the banker over. "Money must be had. There is your share in the spec tee, which, I calculate, you will not be sorry to touch."

"I can wait."

"Well," ejaculated Brandon, with a stare of surprise, "that is what I call handsome."

"For a few weeks," added Albert.

The Yankee felt monstrously inclined to whistle again.

"As far as Wigget and Tye are concerned," continued the speaker, "you can raise quite enough by felling timber and granting long leases to satisfy them. Snake and the housekeeper may be paid off by the same means. You can arrange with me on your marriage."

"Heavens and earth!" shouted his confederate, "I ain't reckoned on that."

"But I have," replied Albert, coolly. "You are now in a position to make a splendid match; ally yourself to a family whose influence and respectability will be pledged to maintain you in the social rank you have cleverly acquired; to obtain a wife whose fortune will relieve you from all embarrassments!"

"Is it feasible?" exclaimed Brandon.

"I never waste my time on impossibilities."

"Well, provided," interrupted his tutor, correcting him again.

"Provided that the lady is not too old, and has the needful."

"For her fortune I can answer," said the officer. "Her father possesses not only great influence but immense wealth. What think you of the eldest Miss Trelawny?"

"Splendid creature," exclaimed the Yankee; "devilish fine points—just the sort of gal as would suit me. I like that sort of the head she has. I'd like to see her sailing down Broadway with that stately air of hers, and I thought she'd have me—"

"You'd propose?"

"At once."

"She will accept you, take my word for it," answered his friend.

There were many things which Mr. Brandon Burg did believe, and many which, to use his own expression—a favorite one, by-the-by, with his countrymen—he repudiated; amongst the latter were the disinterestedness and friendship of every human being. He could not comprehend why the speaker, if the young lady really possessed the fortune he spoke of, should not attempt to secure her for himself.

This reflection threw him into a reverie, which lasted so long that Albert Mortimer began to feel impatient; with his quick perception of character, he read the doubts which his project had excited in the mind of the adventurer, and he determined at once to dissipate them by a candid avowal of his motives.

"The lady," he observed, "would not feel flattered could she witness your hesitation."

"It ain't that; but I was wondering—you know we can't help our thoughts—if Miss Trelawny is so rich, why you did not propose for her."

"I have done so."

The intended bridegroom opened his eyes very wide at this admission.

"And been rejected," added the speaker, calmly.

"Well!" exclaimed the Yankee, eying him critically, "you do surprise me. I thought no feminine Britisher would refuse an officer. In the South we used to consider the red rag as the best bait both for women and serpents; still I—"

that is, if you don't mind telling it—should like to hear—"

The gentleman paused. In his intercourse with Albert Mortimer there was a point of familiarity beyond which even his cool impudence did not presume to venture.

"Her reasons, I presume?" said the former.

"Exactly; only I didn't like to ask them—never call an established raw."

"I admire your delicacy," observed his companion, with an ironical smile; "but the wound has so long been electrified that I can bear allusion to it without pain. Miss Trelawny rejected me for two reasons. I had nothing but my sword and my head to rely upon. The first, in this piping time of peace, is not likely to carve its master's path to fortune. The latter," he added, musingly, "she somewhat undervalued, perhaps."

"Love her!" repeated Albert, with a fawn-like expression of countenance; "have I not recommended her to you for a wife?"

"And want does that prove?"

"That I hate her," answered the young man, calmly; "and would fain see her united to one who would know how to break her proud spirit—bow it to the dust in the depth of her humiliation, and wring her feeble heart, if she has one; added to which, the marriage would advance our mutual interests."

"Well, I do reckon if there's a man on earth that can take the temper out of a woman," said the Yankee, "that I am the one. I began young—just springing fifteen. I told you that I was raised by an uncle in the far west whose wife, a down-easter, led us both to a hard life. She was as venomous as a rattlesnake, fierce as a riled alligator, active as a 'coon. 'Jonathan,' said my uncle to me one day, after a regular tornado—they called me Jonathan then," added the speaker—"I can't stand your aunt any longer; she is worrying me to a shudder. I shall evacuate the farm." "More fool you, I said; for it's a profitable clearing, and I wouldn't be driven from it by any woman."

"Wouldn't you?" replied the old boy, half dropping his eyelids; "why, what could you do?"

"Of course I didn't tell him," continued the narrator; "but we understood each other; and it was agreed that he should leave home for a fortnight or so. When he came back, he found her meek and quiet enough."

"Why, what had you done to achieve such a miracle?" demanded Albert.

"Covilted her regularly night and morning!" answered the American; "you have no notion what a persuasive argumentation it is; I never yet met with a nigger or a woman that could withstand it!"

"Your uncle must have been very much astonished at the change," said the former.

Brandon winked knowingly, and made answer that his aunt was by far the most astonished of the two. "You can't think how it improved her," he added; "she became soft as a quish—a crab-apple turned into a peach!"

"Such means, no doubt, would be exceedingly effective in America," observed his adviser; "but in England, with a wife of Miss Trelawny's rank, it would never do to try it."

"Certainly not, at first."

"I will now tell you," continued the gentleman, "on what grounds I build my hopes of success. Eugene is vain, proud, ambitious, and anxious to hold a place in the world of fashion, from which the revelation of her father to remain in the country on account of his youngest daughter's health has called him. You are supposed to be not only rich, but the possessor of an honorable name. You have but to propose to be accepted. We are invited to dine at the Hall to-morrow; you can then see how the land lies, and if you find it favorable—"

"Squat at once!" exclaimed the Yankee, "squat at once!"

Perhaps it may be as well to inform our non-travelled readers that to squat is an Americanism, and means, in the language of the settlers, to take possession of an unoccupied portion of land and establish a claim to it.

The next morning Mr. Brandon Burg quitted the inn, where he and his companion had taken up their abode, to indulge in a solitary walk. Somewhere or other, he could never come to what he considered a safe conclusion whilst the eyes of Albert Mortimer were upon him. There was a kind of magnetic influence in his cold but piercing glance which both annoyed and subdued him. Although he rarely or never ventured to disagree to his proposals, he felt more satisfied after revolving them in his mind alone—chewing the mental cud, as it were, at his leisure.

After sauntering through the village he turned down the narrow shady lane leading to the church. It was one of those bits of quiet scenery peculiar to England. The sacred edifice at a distance, half buried in the thick mantle of ivy—the growth of ages—which clung round it, concealing many a quaint inscription and sculptured stone, as well as the ravages of time.

Not a breath of air rustled the leaves of the elms, whose lofty branches formed a verdant canopy the entire length of the road.

A lover of the country would have paused to admire the profusion of wild flowers which spangled the hedges on either side, or grew in clusters at the gnarled roots of the trees. But the pedestrian had other thoughts. To him the face of nature was a blank, and her smiles barren. Had he been placed on Mount Lebanon he would have calculated only the cubic feet and value of its cedars. The fellow had no more poetry in his soul than the screech-owl music in its note.

"Albert is a 'cute critter,'" muttered Mr. Brandon Burg to himself; "he'd whistle a bird from its nest if he wanted to get at the eggs, and could contrive no other way; but only let him enable me to choose Sir John, who'd rob a church and say his prayers afterwards—keep the estate instead of selling it for half the value—and I'll back him against the best lawyer either in the old or new country. I was a tarnation fool to make such a blind bargain—to crack the nut for others to eat the kernel."

The Yankee spoke and felt as bitterly against the banker as if Burg Hall had descended to him in legitimate succession, instead of having been acquired by fraud, forgery and conspiracy. The legitimate heir of the property could not have expressed himself under similar circumstances more indignantly.

"It will do," he added, with a sinister smile, after some further reflection, "it will do. The old 'coon is in the trap. He may writhe and him like a rattlesnake with a broken back, but can't sting. He must give up the agreement we have drawn the serpent's teeth."

The project of marrying him to Eugene Trelawny flattered the speaker's

vanity exceedingly. He had been struck by her beauty, and was quite shrewd enough to perceive all the advantages from an alliance with an honorable and wealthy family. The fact of her having refused Albert Mortimer raised her in his estimation. Had he known all the circumstances, he would have felt the same.

Having turned each affair over separately in his mind, he came to the conclusion that he could not do better than be guided by his friend in everything for the present. When we say everything, we mean till the time arrived when it would be a question how to throw his adviser over too—a contingency which had already entered into his calculations.

The reveries of the speaker were broken by the approach of Susan, who had been with some of the younger children to visit their relatives in the village. As the poor girl passed him she dropped a humble courtesy.

Brandon eyed her for an instant, then broke into a coarse laugh. The ruffian had recognised her, having seen her on more than one occasion at the dancing rooms.

"Why, it beats playacting," he said. "Hang me if I wasn't puzzled at first. Don't you recollect me?"

"No, sir!"

"But I do you."

Susan colored deeply.

"Shall I tell you where?" he added, in a sneering tone.

Overcome with shame and confusion, the unhappy girl made no reply, and her unmanly tormenter began whistling in derision the first bars of a well-known polka.

"So you are doing the respectable," he continued, trying to chuck her under the chin. "Pon my honor, you look devilish pretty in that close bonnet."

Susan drew back indignantly. It was the first impulse of offended modesty. Then, remembering how completely she was in his power, she burst into tears, and clasped her hands imploringly.

"Do not betray me, sir," she exclaimed; "do not drive me from the place where I am gaining an honest livelihood, where my misery and shame are unknown. If you knew the privations I have suffered, the fiend-like acts that made me what I was, you would pity and not insult me; you would indeed, sir. Alone, without a friend to advise or assist me—no work, no home—starvation staring me in the face—desolation in my heart. Mercy! mercy!"

The children who accompanied her, alarmed by her tears, began to cry too, and clung to her gown in terror. Had one spark of human sympathy or manly feeling existed in the breast of the Yankee, such an appeal could not have been made in vain. Brandon, instead of being softened, appeared, on the contrary, highly amused with it. As for repentance, it had never touched his callous nature, and he had no faith in it in others.

"Betray you?" he repeated; "who wants to betray you? It will be your own fault if we are not excellent friends."

There was no mistaking the libertine glances which accompanied the last observation.

"I am a rich gentleman!" he added, proudly; "this is no place for a dashing girl like you. Only say the word, and you may return to town with me."

"Never!" replied Susan, firmly.

"Then you know the consequences," he answered, angrily. "There, don't be a fool." He added, seeing that the victim of his insulting brutality was nearly fainting. "I'll give you a few hours to consider of my offer. Meet me in the lane to-morrow morning. If you agree, well and good; if not, I'll expose you," he muttered through his clenched teeth; "I'll drive you from the place in shame."

Feeling a man enter the lane by the church stile, the speaker recommenced whistling the polka, and walked on, not wishing to be recognised in conversation with Susan.

The poor girl wrung her hands in agony. It seemed as if hard fortune had relented for a brief space, then turned to pursue a victim with yet more relentless cruelty.

"I ought to have known that it could not last!" she murmured. "I was too happy. Happiness is for the innocent—the pure in heart. I must quit this place, and the kind friends who have sheltered me. It would be an ungrateful return to bring disgrace upon their heads. But where am I to fly?—no home, no trust, but in Heaven!"

"Why, Susan," exclaimed the well-known voice of Kit Corling—for it was the approach of the honest carpenter which had driven the ruffian away—"what is the matter with you? Are you ill? You look as pale as if you had seen a ghost!"

"I have, Kit, I have."

"A ghost?" exclaimed the young man. "Ridiculous!"

"The ghost of the past," replied the penitent girl, "has risen in judgment against me. Did you meet that fearful man?"

"The gentleman who passed me at the end of the lane?"—yes; what of him?"

"He knows me—knows that luckless past which haunts me in my dreams—and has threatened to expose me; to have me driven forth with disgrace from the village school, and the poor children who love and look up to me, unless I—Spare me the shame," she added, with a shudder, "of repeating his wicked offers."

"The villain!" muttered her friend. "Who is 'e?"

"I do not know his name. He arrived yesterday with the young officer, a friend of General Trelawny. I must fly—fly," repeated Susan, "to avoid the finger of scorn."

"You shall do nothing of the kind," said Kit, resolutely, "whilst I and Nancy have a home to offer you. He can never besuch a heartless scoundrel," he added; "and reason with him. Leave the children at the school, and remain with Nancy till my return."

"Don't quarrel with him on my account," sobbed Susan; "pray do not."

"It will be his own fault if I do. Go," he added; "it will be all well, I promise you."

Cheered by his assurance, the poor girl controlled her agitation, and taking the children by the hand, who, fortunately, were too young to comprehend the scene they had witnessed, she continued her way towards the school-house.

Brandon had walked, or rather sauntered, nearly a mile beyond the place where he had met with Susan, chuckling and laughing at the adventure, when he felt himself suddenly touched upon the shoulder. Turning round, he recognised the man who had lately passed him in the lane.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Kit, "but I wish to speak with you."

"With me? Well, that's tarnation bold, I reckon! What can you have to say to me?"

At the sound of his voice the carpenter started and eyed him earnestly, and the adventurer, fancying he had overawed him by his assumption of dignity, would have walked on, had not the former restrained him.

"You must hear me!"

"Must I do you intend to rob me, my fine fellow?"

"It's not in my line, sir," answered the honest fellow. "I gain my living by my labor; perhaps it might puzzle you to explain how you gain yours."

"Incident!" exclaimed the Yankee. "Do you know whom you are addressing? I am Brandon Burg Esquire," he added, in a bombastic tone, which he doubtless thought would impress the manly defender of poor Susan, and overwhelm him with an idea of his consequence, "the owner of Burg Hall."

This assertion confirmed the suspicion the sound of his voice had created. Kit felt certain that he had heard it before.

"And you intend to keep your threat to the poor girl?"

"To the letter."

"Listen to me, sir, and mark my words," replied the husband of Nancy, "for I will keep mine. If you ever you address her again, or breathe a word to any one of her past misfortunes, the first time I meet you, no matter who may be in your company, I'll drag you before the nearest magistrate."

"Ridiculous!"

"You had better not try it."

"Upon what charge?"

Kit, during the conversation kept his eyes fixed on the speaker, turned up the sleeve of his jacket and displayed the scar upon his arm of the wound he had received in the Haymarket. Brandon Burg, Esq., as he called himself, looked exceedingly confused.

"I only saw your face for an instant," continued the carpenter, "but it is too ugly to be easily forgotten. Your voice I heard several times—I can swear to that. A reward has been offered for your apprehension."

It was in vain that the adventurer protested he was in error, affected an indignant air, and finding that useless, next tried to convince his accuser that he had mistaken him for another. Kit was neither to be argued nor bullied out of the evidence of his senses.

"You cannot deceive or cajole me," he observed; "and as for your black looks, I don't value them. You are in England, not America; you will find little sympathy for the bowie knife here, I promise you."

With this caution the speaker turned upon his heel, and left him overwhelmed with rage and mortification at the discovery of his crime and the lesson he had received.

"I guess I'm in an ugly fix in this unlighted, farthing blighted old country!" muttered Brandon; "but the Britishers are behind the rest of the world in their notions. That fellow's bile is something like a painter's—Anglican, panther—there's no choking or whistling him off. I suppose I must give in—fairly licked!" he added; "catwampusly clawed up!" It wouldn't do for Eugene and her father to hear of the affair in the Haymarket. That Albert was right after all. It was a blunder, and no mistake! What a 'cute devil he is!"

With this reflection he resumed his walk, feeling anything but satisfied, either with himself or the turn his affairs seemed likely to take.

Kit hastened home, anxious to allay the terrors of Susan, whom he found in a most pitiable state of agitation, and his wife vainly attempting to console her.

"Cheer up!" he exclaimed, with a smile. "I have silenced my enemy."

The poor girl looked at him doubtfully.

"He will think twice before he utters a word," continued her protector; "the cur is muzzled."

"But should he expose me, what will those who now respect me say—what will Miss Cheery, who has been so kind to me, think?"

"Miss Cheery knows everything," replied Nancy. "I would not conceal it from her, and if she has hitherto been silent on the subject of your misfortunes, it arose from the fear of giving you pain."

"Knows all!" repeated the victim of poverty rather than vice, blushing deeply; "and yet to condescend to speak to me—to interest herself in my welfare—how have I deserved so much benevolence?"

"By that," answered the carpenter, "which merits far more compassion

than the best of us can bestow, seeing that it wins the pardon of Heaven—repentance. Suffering has taught her mercy, and her own true womanly heart prompted the rest. I thought this would have been such a happy day," he continued, in a tone of vexation; "I have received a letter from a friend whom you will be right glad to see—one who takes a yet deeper interest in your well-doing, for his own happiness is staked upon it."

Susan guessed that he alluded to the generous fellow who, despite the past, had promised at the end of a year to make her his wife.

"He will be here in a few days, and bring the boy Watson with him."

This last piece of information was addressed to his wife.

With a feeling of delicacy which many in a far more elevated position might not have shown, Kit quitted the house, leaving Nancy and her visitor together.

"Perhaps he comes to anticipate his promise, Susan," observed the latter.

"Ought I—dare I accept his offer?" exclaimed the penitent girl.

"You must ask that question of your own heart," replied her rightly-judging friend. "None other can reply for you. If you feel that it is purified by the trials you have endured, that you really love him, and can make him happy, yes! He knows all; and the man who is generous enough to make such a sacrifice seldom repents it without just cause, and that cause I am well assured you will never give him."

"Never!" sobbed Susan, "never, never!"

CHAPTER XIII.

When stock is high they come between,
Making at second hand their offer;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
Each with a million in his coffers.—Swift.

That same day Albert Mortimer and Brandon dined at the Grange, where Sir Mordaunt Tracy, his sister, and Miss Cheery had been invited to meet them.

Acting on the instructions of his able tutor, the Yankee adventurer paid marked attention to the elder Miss Trelawny, who received his homage with all the proud indifference of an acknowledged beauty. Not but she felt secretly gratified; even his admiration, which, as our readers may imagine, was not the most delicate, appeared better than none.

In the course of the evening Brandon requested the baronet to favor him with the address of the travellers.

"I feel most anxious," he said, "to acknowledge the very hand came sent of my cousin, and to prove by acts, rather than words, that I am not unworthy of it."

"The exact address," replied Sir Mordaunt, "it is not in my power to give you. The thoughtless boys have, unfortunately, mixed themselves with the political parties who are now contesting the crown of Spain; and, when I last heard from them, were with the Carlist army in the Basque provinces."

"Which has been entirely defeated," observed Albert.

Bella looked exceedingly wretched on hearing this intelligence, and gazed reproachfully at her sister, whose unnatural conduct had been the cause of Harold's quitting England. Her father and the uncle of our hero both noticed her distress, and came to the same conclusion—that, despite her unaccountable refusal of him, the poor girl really loved him.

"You are in error," said the baronet, addressing himself to the officer. "Far from being defeated, the hope of the royalists increases. The Christiano generals have met with the most disgraceful reverses, which the want of artillery alone prevented the king's army from taking advantage of. My information is certain; Harold speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of Zumalacarrui's genius and character."

"You hear," whispered Miss Cheery to her friend.

"But his life is in danger," answered Bella, in the same undertone, "and I the cause. Alas, I can only pray for him."

As a matter of course, Brandon professed the most profound regret at not being able to communicate with his dear cousin.

My brother did not say that," replied Miss Tracy, who was completely deceived by his apparent generosity; "letters addressed under cover to my dear friend the Duchess of Rohan will be sure to reach him."

The gentleman thanked her, and made a memorandum of the address in his pocket-book.

"It must be a glorious struggle," he observed.

"And one in which every right-thinking mind must sympathize," said the spinner, whose opinions were strongly legitimist. "I do not disapprove the very decided part my nephew has taken; there is a romance, a chivalry in it worthy of the name of Tracy."

Sir Mordaunt sighed; he thought more of his nephew than the cause he had engaged in.

"You hear!" exclaimed Eugene, laughingly, to her new admirer; "fame and the smile of beauty are both to be won in Spain. Should your cousin live to return, despite his loss of fortune he may prove a dangerous rival in the fashionable world to the possessor of Burg Hall. Few women would refuse the hero of such an adventure."

"If I thought so," whispered Brandon, "I'd start at once."

The glance of admiration which accompanied these words was too evident to leave any doubt of his meaning.

"Remain where you are, my fine fellow," said Albert Mortimer, "and leave war to portless younger sons: it is their natural inheritance. A man with twenty thousand a year has no right to encroach upon their privilege."

"Is the Burg Hall estate worth so much?" inquired the general.

"It will be," replied the officer, who had his own reasons for exaggerating the value of the property, "if properly managed; and considerably more than that when the leases fall in."

"Twenty thousand a year!" repeated Miss Trelawny mentally, at the same time regarding the presumed master of such a fortune. "What could not a woman of spirit and taste do with such a sum?" As this thought occurred to her, Brandon Burg did not appear half so plain and ridiculous as he had previously done.

"And what am I to do with it?" observed the clever Yankee. "My tastes, from the republican simplicity in which I have been brought up, are very simple. It will be a burden rather than a blessing to me, unless I find some one to share it with me, and relieve me of the control of it."

"With such very proper feelings," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt Tracy, laughingly, "you will find but little difficulty in meeting a wife."

"Fie, brother," said his sister, affecting to be shocked at the insinuation; "there is no such mercenary feeling in our sex; the change is in yours. Formerly, a man toiled for reputation and fortune, in order to render himself worthy of a woman. Now, it is the woman who must be endowed with wealth to obtain a husband. The men, however rich, put themselves up like merchandise to the highest bidder."

There was more truth, perhaps, than the old lady suspected in her tirade against the present system of marriage. A girl above the common rank of life has but little chance of entering that very honorable state, unless she has something more sterling than beauty, accomplishments, or even virtue, to recommend her. The pulsations of her admirers' hearts are regulated by the table of interest. Railroad bonds, scrip, and three per cents. have played the deuce with poor Cupid. Pamela, in these degenerate days, would never rise beyond the kitchen; her acquaintance with the drawing-room ending where it commenced—in sweeping it.

Both the young men exclaimed warmly against Miss Tracy's wholesale censure.

"My protestation is useless," observed Albert. "I am poor, and poverty is always suspected as an interested witness."

REV. EDWIN FRANCIS HATFIELD, D.D.

THE Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield was born in Elizabethtown, N.J., Jan. 9th, 1807, at which place he passed his youthful days and prepared for college. Having decided upon the ministry as a profession, he entered the Andover Theological Seminary in 1829, where he remained three years and graduated with honor. He commenced his public life at Rockaway, N.J., in 1831, where he remained one year, then removed to Orange, N.J., and finally went to St. Louis, Mo., where, for three years, he labored under the auspices of the Home Missionary Society. After leaving St. Louis, Mr. Hatfield became the pastor of the seventh Presbyterian church in New York city. As an evidence of the high appreciation in which he is held by his church, it is only necessary to mention the fact that for many years he has been the stated clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America. From his severe labors of pastor, he has found time to make some valuable contributions to religious literature. His published works are "Universalism as it is;" "The Life of the Rev. Elisha H. Baldwin, D.D.," &c., &c. The College of Marietta, Ohio, in 1850 conferred upon Mr. Hatfield the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In the month of



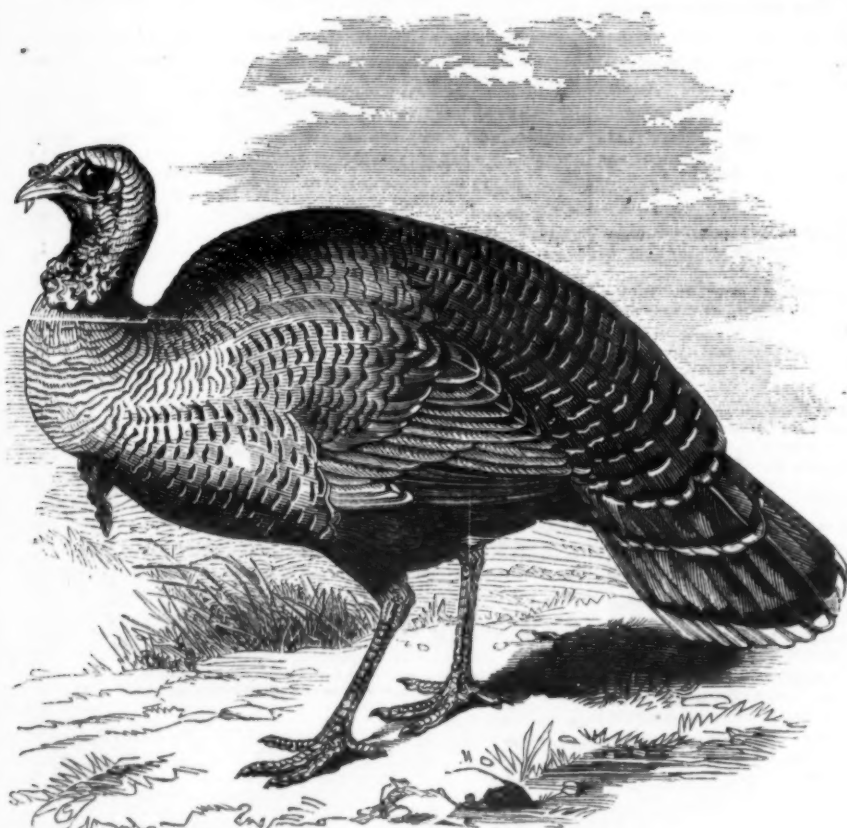
REV. EDWIN FRANCIS HATFIELD, D.D. AMBROTTYPED BY BRADY.

February, 1856, he became pastor of North Presbyterian church, over which he presides with dignity and usefulness, ranking among the clergymen of the city most distinguished for liberality of sentiments, their high-toned character as men, and their exemplary conduct as Christians.

GREAT INAUGURATION OR UNION TURKEY.

The wild turkey, and we have seen many hundreds in the South and West, is but little inferior in beauty to the peacock, and by many would be considered a more magnificent bird. The degenerate representatives of our farm-yards, with their mottled colors and attenuated forms, give no more idea of the bird in its primitive glory than does the broken-down cart-horse of the wild Arabian of the desert. It would seem, however, that the art of breeding and cultivating these birds in captivity will soon produce a domestic representative equal to the wild in beauty and superior in weight.

R. H. Avery, of Wampsville, Madison county, New York, is entitled to the honor of bringing about this revolution. From a cross of the American wild turkey, made fourteen years ago upon the best domesticated birds, of pure black color, that could be obtained, and by careful attention to breeding since that time, he has succeeded in producing a male bird, two years old last



TURKEY PRESENTED TO MR. BUCHANAN ON INAUGURATION DAY.



NORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NINTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FIRST STREET. DR. E. F. HATFIELD, PASTOR. SEE PAGE 326.

June, of superlative beauty, of glossy plumage of bronze and gold, that weighs on its legs thirty-four pounds, being the largest bird of the kind in the world. As a good Republican, Mr. Avery determined to present this magnificent turkey as a thanksgiving offering to the candidate of his choice, if elected; but as he could not have the satisfaction of presenting him to Col. Fremont, he was willing that any of the friends of Mr. Buchanan should have the honor of presenting the bird to the new President upon his inauguration day, to serve as member of his (kitchen) cabinet.

The offer was no sooner made, than Jonathan M. Matthews, of the firm of Matthews, Hunt & Co., of this city, secured the prize at the reasonable price of one dollar a pound, and forwarded it to Washington as a present to Mr. Buchanan. On the day of its arrival in Washington, it was placed upon the front portico of the National Hotel, at which the President was temporarily residing; and, standing about four feet high, its beautiful plumage brightly reflecting the sun's rays, it became at once a "lion," and attracted great attention. Rather than slay the monarch of his species, the President preferred to retain it, to adorn the grounds of the Presidential mansion. In compliance with the request of the managers, Mr. Buchanan loaned the bird to be exhibited at the National Fair, where thousands from all parts of the Union had an opportunity of viewing its huge proportions. We suggest that it be called the "Union Turkey," inasmuch as it has a pound for each State, and half a pound for each of the territories of the Union. The bird is now a permanent ornament of the grounds in front of the Presidential mansion, and attracts more admiring attention than the rampant horse, which is supposed to be translating Gen. Jackson into the upper air, or any other appanage about the "White House."

GALL-NUTS ON OAK TREES.

In our engraving will be recognized the familiar form of the gall-nut, so valuable as a dyeing material. The specimens presented were taken from the oak trees growing in Devonshire, England, and have attracted great attention from their immense number, being as plentiful as the leaves, and because of their

sudden appearance.

These tumors, by an insect, owe their origin to the deposition of an egg in the substance out of which they grow. This egg, too small almost for perception, the parent, a little four-winged fly, introduces into a puncture, made by her curious spiral sting, and in a few hours it becomes surrounded with a fleshy chamber, which not only serves its young for shelter and defence, but also for food, the future little hermit feeding upon its interior, and there undergoing its metamorphosis. Nothing can be more varied than these habitations. Some are of a globular form, of a bright red color. Others, beset with spines or clothed with hair, are like seed-vessels. Some are exactly round; others like little mushrooms; others resemble artichokes; while others again might be taken for flowers. In short they are of a hundred different forms, and of all sizes, from that of a pin's

head to that of a walnut. Nor is their situation on the plant less diversified. Some are found upon the leaf itself, others upon the footstalks only, others upon the roots, and others upon the buds. How the mere insertion of an egg into the substance of a leaf or twig, even if accompanied, as some imagine, by a peculiar fluid, should cause the growth of such singular protuberances around it, philosophers are as little able to explain as why the insertion of a particle of variolous matter into a child's arm should cover it with pustules of small-pox. When chemically analysed, galls are found to contain only the same principles as the plant from which they spring, but in a more concentrated state.

The galls most esteemed are known in commerce under the name of blue galls, being the produce of the first gathering, before the fly has issued from the gall. It will not be uninteresting to know that from these, when bruised, may occasionally be obtained perfect specimens of the insect. The galls which have escaped the first searches—and from most of which the fly has emerged—are called white galls, and are of very inferior quality, containing less of the astringent principle than the blue galls, in the proportion of two to three. The white and blue galls are

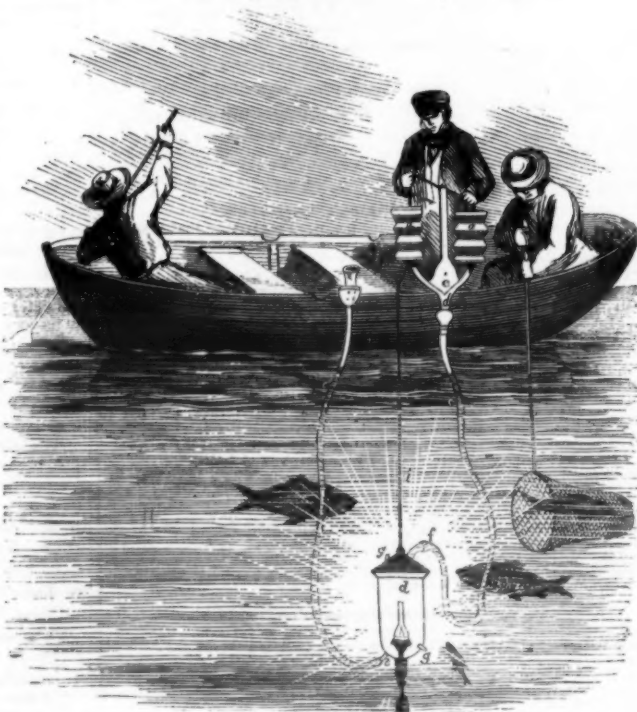


GALL NUTS UPON OAK TREES.

usually imported mixed, in about equal proportions, and are then called galls in sorts. If no substitute equal to galls, as a constituent part of ink, has been discovered, the same may be said of these productions, as one of the most important of our dyeing materials employed in making blacks.

Sir A. Bannermann, Governor of the Bahamas, in his recent message to the Legislature, made some serious charges against American shipmasters trading to the islands. He asserts that some of them—there are honorable exceptions—are so utterly unworthy the confidence placed in them that they secretly agree with the wreckers for a share of the salvage, and then run the vessel and cargo to wreck. The Governor recommends some effectual check for this crime, which is very horrible if practised.

A baggage car at the Anderson depot on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, S. C., was destroyed by fire a short time since. When the alarm was first given, the burning car was standing within a few feet of the door of the depot, but was speedily moved, to prevent the fire communicating to the depot. The parties who moved the car were not aware that against the door, on the inside, were three hundred kegs of powder! The door was much charred and would soon have been on fire.



SUBAQUEOUS FISHING LAMP. SEE PAGE 326.

Crowds of emigrants for Kansas are passing through Buffalo. Four car-loads arrived in that city on Tuesday, and another company of forty-eight followed.

The Hamilton grand jury condemn the suspension bridge at the Desjardines Canal.

AMUSEMENTS.

L AURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.
MISS LAURA KEENE, SOLE LESSEE AND DIRECTRESS.
FRIDAY, April 17th, and SATURDAY 18th.—THE LOVE OF A PRINCE, and THE ELVES.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$6.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, SOLE LESSEE.
FRIDAY, April 17th.—THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.
SATURDAY 18th.—Benefit of Mrs. L. W. DAVENPORT.—MADELAINE—NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, and LOVE AND MURDER.
MONDAY, 20th.—Mr. E. L. DAVENPORT in a new tragedy—DE SOTO.
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle and Upper Tier, 25 cents; Private Boxes \$5 and \$6.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.
The old favorites together again:
Mr. LESTER, Mr. WALCOT, Mr. DYOTT,
FRIDAY, April 17th.—OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS.
SATURDAY 18th.—THE IRISH HEIRESS.
MONDAY 20th.—TOWN AND COUNTRY.
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Upper Tier, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1.

BOWERY THEATRE.—SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER, MR. BROUGHAM. ACTING STAGE MANAGER, MR. R. JONSTON.
FRIDAY, April 17th.—CAREER OF CRIME—SWISS COTTAGE—MATTEO FALCONE, and THE LIMERICK BOY.
SATURDAY 18th.—THE WIZARD OF THE WAVE, and other popular entertainments.
Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cents; Pit and Gallery, 12½ cents; Private Boxes, \$5.
Doors open at Seven; to commence at half-past Seven.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST. THE WONDERFUL RAVELS.
Mlle. ROBERT, Mlle. MONPLAISIR,
PAUL BRILLANT, Young HENGLER,
LEON ESPINOSA, Young AMERICA.
TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY—THE WONDERFUL RAVELS.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, ITALIAN OPERA.
Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5.

MR. THALBERG
WILL VISIT THE
PRINCIPAL WESTERN
CITIES UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF
MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

GEO. CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS, 444 Broadway below Grand street.
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Geo. Christy.....Stage Manager.
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.
And other entertainments every evening during the week.
Doors open at 6; commence at 7½ o'clock.

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"Our Saviour,"
and the "The Battle of Stony Point,"
each 23 by 33 inches.

The Engravings are beautiful works of art, being some of the finest specimens ever executed in this country, and well worthy to adorn the walls of the mansion or the cottage.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and everything will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.
ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1857.

THE Southern Cultivator says: "It is a solemn fact that not one marriageable girl in twenty can make a really good cup of coffee." A fact so serious as this should immediately engage the attention of all marriageable girls.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

We shall, in our next issue, give our readers a series of engravings which may justly be considered of NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

We allude to those connected with the U. S. States ship Niagara. This war vessel is admitted to be the finest ship afloat on the ocean, and everything connected with her becomes of importance. We have had various drawings prepared of her machinery, which will give the reader a very perfect idea of the most gigantic steam-engine, or engines, furnaces, &c., ever built; also, a view of the ship as she appeared when leaving our harbor for England, preparatory to putting down the submarine cable; also, a number of sketches taken on board of the Niagara the day she sailed, illustrative of sailor life on board of a man-of-war; the whole series forming a complete glance inside and out of this noble ship.

THE NIAGARA LEAVING THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK FOR ENGLAND, TO ASSIST IN PUTTING DOWN THE GREAT ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE. Page Engraving.

FURNACE ROOM OF THE NIAGARA.

THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE NIAGARA. Page Engraving.

PORTRAIT OF COMMODORE HUDSON, COMMANDER OF THE NIAGARA SQUADRON.

PORTRAIT OF THE MASTER OF THE NIAGARA.

PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR WISE OF VIRGINIA. With a carefully prepared Biographical Sketch.

MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATION OF THE NEW AND POPULAR TALE, OTHELIA CLAYTON.

With numerous other splendid pictures.

THE COACHMAN'S MARRIAGE.—The Providence Journal has the following very sensible remarks on the Boker and Dean marriage: "The papers generally take the part of the young people, and rejoice over the decision, which is doubtless correct and inevitable, since the marriage has taken place. It is thought to be exceedingly funny that a rich man's daughter has run away with one of her father's servants. We don't see the fun of it. We know it is very old foggy, but we never could get over the idea that children owed some duty to their parents, some return for the unwearied care of their nurture and education, and for the affection that has been lavished upon them, from the cradle to the altar; and she who allows a girlish fancy to carry away her judgment, so far as to marry a man that is no match for her, and whose union with her will bring distress upon her whole family, is either strangely infatuated, or she is utterly unworthy of the love which she deserts."

THE important office of Consul at Constantinople is vacant, and we know of no one more competent than Mr. O. Oscanian, author of "The Sultan and his People." A graduate of the University of the city of New York, and having for many years made Constantinople his home, it will be seen that he has enjoyed unusual advantages for becoming acquainted with the requirements of a representative of American institutions in the Sultan's capital. The appointment could not but meet with the warmest encomiums from all who have business relations with Turkey, most of whom are personally acquainted with him, and know his adaptedness to the position.

Among our illustrated pages will be found an excellent portrait and a short biographical sketch of Mr. Pryor, the editor of the new Southern paper, *The South*. It would seem from the tone of this paper that although Mr. Pryor defends slavery as an institution vital to the prosperity of the South, still he entertains views comprehensive in their character, appealing directly to the common sense of the nation. Mr. Clay might have been the author of the following extract so far as the sentiments are concerned, and, although uttered by Mr. Pryor, they will be sympathized in by every man who takes an interest in the country, whether he be of the slave or of the free States:

"In not having long ago undertaken to establish direct trade with the great foreign marts, and build up a commerce of her own, the South has shown a degree of supineness and apathy amounting to criminal indifference to her most vital interests. It is vain to talk of Southern independence and Southern development, as long as we remain in a state of commercial vassalage—mere tributaries and dependencies of the Northern States. When our vast agricultural productions and mineral treasures are conveyed to market in our own bottoms; when the foreign producer is brought in direct communication with the Southern consumer; when our vessels are brought into the race of competition along the great thoroughfares of trade, and the profits thus derived go to swell the sum of our wealth; then, and not till then, will the South be entirely independent of the North. To insure this glorious consummation is a task which ought now to enlist the zeal, the energy and intellect of her people. We have wasted too much precious time in empty discussions. Action, vigorous, bold, effective action, is now the word."

In the March number of *Blackwood* we find a very interesting article, headed "Arctic Adventures," reviewing among other books the Arctic explorations of Dr. Kane. From this paper we make the following complimentary extract, relating to one of our most distinguished American artists:

"The engravings in Dr. Kane's book are eminently happy, as the productions of a man who is a real poet in art. Mr. Hamilton, of Philadelphia, whose good taste scatters beautiful vignettes, like gems, through the two volumes, and invests the whole work with a halo of romance, mysterious as the reflects of light in those northern regions, and which could scarcely have been produced by the power of words, or letter press, unassisted."

We refer our readers to the article describing the "Present State of the Washington Monument."

THE trial of the Rev. Mr. Kallach, of the Boston Tremont Temple Baptist Society, ended by the jury disagreeing. This trial was one of the most disgusting ever gone through with before any court in this country. We consider that the defendant should have been discharged, the testimony against him having been obtained in such an outrageous manner; so far all is well. The resolution, however, of the Baptist Society, declaring "in the most positive manner its unabated confidence in Mr. Kallach as a man and minister of the Gospel," strikes us as one of the most extraordinary conclusions ever come to by any body of respectable men. The gentlemen composing this Baptist Church must either be strangely infatuated, or must have a very low standard of what is required of a gentleman and minister of the Gospel. Our opinion is that Mr. Kallach will sink into merited obscurity; he cannot maintain himself in his present position, and should not.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—In connection with the Canada railroad accident, we called the attention of the public to the shaky character of the trestle work of some of the bridges on the Hudson River Railroad. "Our clerk," who is perfectly reckless of his life, applied a day or two ago to the office of the Hudson River Railroad for a free ticket, and was peremptorily refused. This is an ungrateful world.

ORDERS have gone from the Navy Department to fit out for sea as soon as possible the steam frigates Minnesota and Mississippi, and the sloop-of-war Germantown. The first is at Philadelphia, the second at New York, and the third at the Norfolk yard. The destination of all of them is understood to be to reinforce the squadron of Commodore Armstrong in the Chinese seas. We presume they will sail as soon as they can possibly be got ready to put to sea.

UTAH.—We see it stated that no action will be taken at present on the subject of the Governor of Utah. Why not? We trust that Mr. Buchanan is not intimidated by the thunders of Brigham Young. The condition of affairs in Utah has already been too long neglected, and the masses everywhere throughout the country are becoming somewhat impatient.

GEN. SAM HOUSTON is a candidate for Governor of Texas, in opposition to the Democrats.

INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE ORDERED BY KING FERDINAND TO BE APPLIED TO THE POLITICAL PRISONERS AT CICALU.

His Majesty of the Two Sicilies has recently introduced a new luxury into his prison discipline, in addition to the many already existing. It is called a cap of silence (*cuffia di silenzio*), and both for the particular purpose for which it is ostensibly applied and as an instrument of torture generally, it may, perhaps, be considered superior in refinement to the celebrated "iron mask," or any of the engines of antiquity. The invention is due to Signor Baiona, Inspector of Police at Palermo, and it appears to have been so highly approved by the King of Naples, that he immediately decorated the talented and philanthropic gentleman with the order of Francis I.

This cap, or *cuffia*, consists of a circular band of steel, passing around the head just above the eyes, with a semi-circular band of the same material connecting it over the top of the head from ear to ear; attached to this superstructure is a chin strap of steel wire, growing broader towards the bottom, so as to confine the lower jaw completely, and make it utterly impossible to articulate when the bands on the head are properly screwed up; and to complete the adjustment there is a strap of leather with a buckle attached to the chin strap, which passes round the back of the neck, just below the ears, and keeps the latter firm in its place. It is said that the first experiments made with this novel instrument of torture were on two persons called Lo-Re and De Medici, and that the former suffered so much from it that he remained senseless for some time, and a jailer who saw him, believing the man to be dying, ran and fetched a doctor and a priest without asking Signor Baiona's permission. When the doctor and priest arrived, Signor Baiona consented to allow the cap to be removed from the unfortunate prisoner, who was at length restored to life, after a copious bleeding and other remedies; but he ordered a punishment of fifteen blows of a stick to the jailer, in order to check his over-zealous charity in future.

CHINESE INFERNAL MACHINES.

We have already given representations of two Chinese infernal machines; we now add another. It differs somewhat from those we have already engraved. It is composed of rafts and barrels of powder. These machines have been in every case foiled by the untiring vigilance of the British sailors. Two rafts, with the powder in a large barrel under each, are fastened together with a rope about forty feet long, and the rope is buoyed up by bamboo, as shown in the accompanying sketch. If one of these machines come across a ship's bow, the rope catches and one raft goes on each side, and by means of some detonating process, bursts directly as it comes in contact with the side of the ship.



CHINESE INFERNAL MACHINE.
A A Two rafts, which floated level with the water. B B B B Rope with bamboo fastened to it.

MUCH WISDOM IN A LITTLE SPACE.

EXCHEQUER.—An institution of great antiquity, consisting of officers whose functions are financial or judicial; the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the first of these, and he formerly sat in the Court of Exchequer above the barons. The first Chancellor was Eustace de Fauconbridge, Bishop of London, in the reign of Henry III., about 1221. The Exchequer stopped payment from January to May 24th, Charles II. 1673. The English and Irish Exchequers were consolidated in 1816.

EXCOMMUNICATION.—An ecclesiastical anathema, or interdict from Christian communion. It was originally instituted for preserving the purity of the church; but ambitious ecclesiastics converted it by degrees into an engine for promoting their own power. Some suppose excommunication to be of Hindoo origin in the Pariah caste, and that it was adopted by the Jews (who had three degrees of it,) and from these latter by the Christian churches. The Greek and Roman priests, and even the Druids, had similar punishments in aid of their respective religions.

EXCOMMUNICATION BY THE POPES.—The Catholic church excommunicates by bell, book and candle. The Popes have carried their authority to such excess as to excommunicate and depose sovereigns. Gregory VII. was the first Pope who assumed this extravagant power. He excommunicated Henry IV. Emperor of Germany, in 1077, absolving his subjects from their allegiance; and on the Emperor's death, "his excommunicated body" was five years above ground, no one daring to bury it. In England many excommunications in Henry II.'s reign; and King John was excommunicated by Pope Innocent III. in 1208, when all England lay under an interdict for six years. The citizens of Dublin were excommunicated by Clement IV. in 1204. Bulls denouncing hell-fire to Queen Elizabeth accompanied the Spanish Armada, and plenary indulgences were offered to all who should assist in depositing her.

EXECUTIONS.—In the reign of Henry VIII. (thirty-eight years) it is shown that no less a number than 72,000 criminals were executed. In the ten years between 1820 and 1830, there were executed in England alone 797 criminals, but as laws became less bloody the number of executions proportionally decreased. In the three years ending 1820, the executions in England and Wales amounted to 312; in the three years ending 1830, they were reduced to 178; and in the three years ending 1840, they had decreased to 62. Executions in London in the following years: In the years 1820, 43; in the year 1825, 17; in the year 1830, 6; in the year 1835, 11; in the year 1836, 11; in the year 1837, 2; in the year 1838, 11; in the year 1839, 2; in the year 1840, 1; in the year 1841, 1; in the year 1842, 2; in the year 1843, 1.

FAMILY PASTIME.

A PUZZLING BILL OF FARE.

FIRST COURSE.

1. The peristrophe of a verb, and where criminals appear.
2. The Grand Signior's dominions.
3. A lean wife, roasted.
4. An unruly member.
5. A descendant of Noah.
6. A wound, and to hinder.
7. A kitchen utensil, the foundation of learning, and part of the foot.
8. A woman's employment, and what many years make.
9. A vehicle, and a disease common to sheep.
10. The ocean, and Scotch snabbage.
11. The sixteenth letter, and what everybody likes.
12. Running postmen.

SECOND COURSE.

1. An article of fuel, and a domestic bird.
2. A sign of the zodiac buttered.
3. A thing of no consequence.
4. Something deliciously added to the staff of life.
5. The first temptation, and a gust of wind.
6. A medicine, with a term for sour.
7. A portion of what potatoes are sown in.
8. The ornamental part of the head.
9. A reptile, what on beggars we find, and you and me.
10. Upstairs stewed.

DESSERT.

1. To fret, and the first temptation.
2. The sixteenth letter and the organs of hearing.
3. Many hundred pounds.
4. A term of contempt.
5. A chronological table.
6. The fourth of a month, and a rural habitation.
7. The sixteenth letter, and everybody.
8. The stalk of wheat, and food for birds.
9. Running streams.
10. A scraper, and bird's food.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

A farmer set his laborer John
A twelve days' job to do,
And sixteen pence a day he'd give;
But then 't was ordered so,
That John should forfeit eight pence, for
Each day that 't was he played—
Because to fiddle he was apt:
So was the bargain made,
At last just half a guinea he
Received. Then tell me, pray,
How many days did Johnny work,
How many did he play?

[ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME.—PAGE 310.]

CHARADES.—1. Earnest. 2. Gooseberry.

TRANSPPOSITION.—Rheumatism.

CONCURRENCE.—1. Throw him out of a window, and he will come down plump.
2. Because it makes her hear. 3. Because it is forward the main hatch. 4. Because it goes from mouth to mouth. 5. Because they are as acre (acher).

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

REAL ESTATE.—Landed property is more minutely divided in France than any where else in Europe, or even than in the United States. In a few departments may be found estates of two hundred acres, but they are rare, and daily becoming more so, as the law divides the really equally among the children. The greater portion of the farms are now less than twenty acres. Improvements in the methods of cultivation progress languidly, and the methods of manuring and rotation of crops and of employing machinery continue to be very defective.

THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—According to the American Almanac for 1857, the most reliable estimates of the population of the globe are as follows: Africa, 100,000,000; America, 57,676,882; Asia and Islands, 625,000,000; Australia and Islands, 1,248,000; Europe, 263,517,521; Polynesia, 1,600,000.

The State of Minnesota, which has just been admitted to the Union, now contains a population estimated at 206,000. In territorial extent, it embraces 83,000 square miles—an area equal to all the New England States, and also New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. The assessed taxable wealth for the year 1856, was \$25,000,000.

Captain Beaufort saw, near Smyrna, in 1841, a cloud of locusts forty-six miles long and three hundred yards deep, containing, as he calculated, one hundred and sixty-nine billions.

Lewenhock reckoned 17,000 divisions in the scum (outer coat of the eye) of a butterfly, each one of which he thought possessed a crystalline lens. Spiders, &c., are similarly provided for.

The hair-spring of a watch weighs 0.15 of a grain; a pound of iron makes 60,000. The pound of iron costs 2 cents; a single spring 2 cents; so that 60,000 produces \$1000.

Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having a thousand holes, and the due web itself the union of 4000 threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed they seize on the webs of others.

Mole bills are curiously formed by an outer arch impervious to rain, and an internal platform with drains, and covered ways on which the pair and young reside. The moles live on worms and roots, and bury themselves in any soil in a few minutes.

Few insects live more than a year in their perfect state. Their first state is the egg, then the caterpillar, then the chrysalis or pupa, and finally the procreative form. But in these changes there are infinite degrees and varieties of transition, all of which constitute the pleasing and very instructive study of Entomology.

Every pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects boiled to death, and from 600,000 to 700,000 pounds are annually brought to Europe for scarlet and crimson dyes.

Mr. Burdett Stryker, who was the late Republican candidate for Sheriff of King's county, has been appointed by the governor to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Ryerson, the late incumbent.

There were only 411 deaths in the city last week—a decrease of 24 compared with the returns of the previous week.

The steamer Queen of the Pacific was launched at high water on Saturday night, 21st inst., without accident.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

DIRECTIONS FOR CARVING JOINTS.

First separate the shoulder from the breast by passing the knife in the direction 3, 4, and 5,



FORE QUARTER OF LAMB.

be assailed, by cutting in the direction 6, 7. The shoulder is to be carved the same as mutton.

A LOIN OF LAMB, LEG OF LAMB, AND SHOULDER OF LAMB, must be carved in the same manner as mutton, for which see directions.

HAUNCH OF VENISON.—First cut it across down to the bone in the line 1—3—2, then turn the dish with the end 4 towards you, put in the point of the knife at 3, and cut it down as deep as possible in the direction 3—3, after which continue to cut slices parallel to 3—4, on the right and left of the line. The best slices are on the left of the line 3—4, supposing 4 to be towards you; and the fattest slices are to be found between 4 and 2.



HAUNCH OF VENISON.



BREAST OF VEAL ROASTED.

is more economical, however, to make a side dish of it, if you have a few friends.

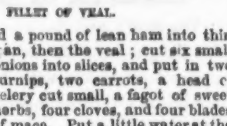
A FILLET OF VEAL is carved in a similar manner to a round of beef, in thin and smooth slices, off the top; some persons like the outside, therefore ask the question. For the stuffing, cut deep into the flap between 1—2, and help a portion of it to each person. The steaks may be removed when you cut down to them.

A KNUCKLE OF VEAL is to be carved in the direction 1—2. The most delicate fat lies about the part 4, and if cut in the line 3—4, the two bones, between which the marrowy fat lies, will be divided.



KNUCKLE OF VEAL.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Cut a knuckle of veal, and a pound of lean ham into thin slices; lay the ham at the bottom of a stew-pan, then the veal; cut six small onions into slices, and put in two turnips, two carrots, a head of celery cut small, a fagot of sweet herbs, four cloves, and four blades of mace. Put a little water at the bottom, cover the pot close, stirring occasionally till the gravy is drawn; then add six quarts of boiling water, stew gently for four hours, and skim well. Take two quarts of green peas, stew in some of the broth till tender, strain, put in a marble mortar, and beat well, or mash with the spoon against the sides of the stew-pan. Rub the peas through a hair sieve, or tammy, till thoroughly pulped, then put the soup into a clean pot, with a teaspoonful of spinach juice, and boil for fifteen minutes; season with pepper, salt, and a tablespoonful of brown sugar. If the soup is not thick enough, boil the crumb of a French roll in a little of the soup, and rub through the tammy; then put in the soup and boil. Serve hot in the tureen, with dice of bread toasted very hard. (The celery must be omitted until July, using a tablespoonful of the seed instead.)



FILLET OF VEAL.

THE FAMILY MEDICAL GUIDE.

OINTMENTS.

The base of all ointments is grease, and they are used for dressing wounds and sores, to prevent the sticking of the lint or linen with which they are covered, to protect them from the air and from filth; the most simple kinds serve this purpose best; but sometimes medicine of various kinds is mixed up with grease, to form ointments, through the means of which the medicine acts on the surface of the sore. It is necessary there should be different modes of dressing sores with medicine, as they are very capricious. One sore will bear an ointment, but neither lotion nor poultice; another will be quiet only with a lotion, and sometimes the same sore will do well with a medicine, at one time in an ointment, and at another in a lotion.

SIMPLE OINTMENT.—Is made by melting in a pipkin by the side of the fire, without boiling, one part of yellow or white wax, and two parts of hog's-lard, without salt or olive oil.

RESIN OINTMENT, OR YELLOW BASILION.—Is composed of two ounces of white resin, and seven ounces of hog's-lard; these must be slowly melted together, and stirred constantly with a stick, till completely mixed.

This ointment is sometimes used in treating scalds and burns; also for dressing blisters, when it is wished to keep up a discharge from them for a few days. This is a stimulating ointment.

CALAMINE OINTMENT, OR TURNER'S CERATE.—Consists of half-a-pound of yellow wax, and a pint of olive oil, which are to be melted together; this being done, half-a-pound of calamine powder is to be sifted in, and stirred till the whole be completely mixed.

This is an excellent ointment for stimulating sluggish wounds or sores.

ZINC OINTMENT.—This is made by rubbing well together one ounce of oxide of zinc, and six ounces of hog's-lard. This ointment is useful for chilblains; it is also commonly used for dressing the sores remaining after scalds and burns, to absorb the great discharge which generally follows; and it is a very good application to cracked skin, from which a watery fluid oozes and irritates the neighboring skin.

MADISON, the capital of Wisconsin, is one of the great cities of the West, with unrivaled beauty of location and scenery to gratify men of taste and leisure. Its unsurpassed railroad and other business facilities offer strong inducements to capitalists, manufacturers, merchants and mechanics. The city is now erecting a spacious city hall, four first-class school-houses, and other public buildings. The State Legislature at its last session, made large appropriations for the enlargement of the State House, the erection of a State Lunatic Asylum, and to complete the State University Buildings on the magnificent plan heretofore adopted. Congress has made an appropriation for the erection of a United States Court House and Post Office; and made the latter a distributing office. Four separate railroads will be completed to this place the coming year, and will erect expensive buildings for their convenience and business. In addition to all these, there are now being erected churches, stores, private residences, &c., most of which are built of the beautiful cream-colored stone from the Madison quarries. These improvements will give employment to hundreds of mechanics and laborers, at a point where they will find a healthy location for a home, educational, and other advantages unsurpassed. Not a competing city to limit its growth for forty miles in any direction, and in the centre of the most fertile county in the Union, which is being rapidly developed.

William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, has been offered the post of Commissioner to China. Among other vessels of war, the steam frigate Minnesota will be ordered to China to reinforce our squadron in that quarter.

The number of vessels in this port on the 6th was 626, including 35 steamers, 108 ships, 64 barks, 92 brigs, and 207 schooners.

The new City Charter has passed through both houses of the Legislature. It will cause much excitement and bad blood among parties, and it is possible that stern resistance will be offered. The course of Mayor Wood, who threatened to resign if it passed, is looked for with much curiosity and anxiety. It is supposed that the new Police Bill will also pass both houses this week.

TESTIMONIAL TO CAPT. J. A. RICARD.

(Concluded from page 325.)

sent prosperity and efficiency, and to whose urbane and amiable conduct we owe our highest meed of praise, as the source of the greater amount of pleasure which we have derived from our connection with this organization. Resolved, that in the opinion of this company the loss through resignation of our late much esteemed and beloved commandant is a calamity which we, as a company, shall never cease to deplore, and from which we cannot easily recover, except under the most fortuitous circumstances. Resolved, that in our late Captain J. A. Ricard we have discovered all those qualifications which, possessed by a man of such decided military taste, are calculated to make an efficient and able commandant, while as a friend and companion we hold him in the highest estimation. Resolved, that we owe our late commandant a debt of gratitude for his exertions in organizing and sustaining this corps, which no mere expression of our sentiments can adequately portray; but desirous of conveying in some slight degree the sentiments which actuate us, it is Resolved, that these resolutions be engrossed and presented to the late Captain Ricard for his acceptance.

Nich. L. C. Roome.

Chas. L. Chapin, Sec.

Chas. L. Chapin, } Committee.

John Mead, }

Geo. C. Bingham, Second Lieutenant.

This testimonial was presented to Capt. Ricard in behalf of the company, at the City Arsenal, by Lieut. G. C. Bingham.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CORNER OF NINTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FIRST STREET, N. Y., REV. E. F. HATFIELD, D. D., PASTOR.

The North Presbyterian Church, just completed on the north-east corner of Ninth avenue and Thirty-first street, is in the Romanesque style of architecture. The walls of the building are faced with the Belville (N. J.) brown stone, and are constructed on the interior with blue building stone. The roof is of Vermont slate. The size of the building is 66 by 91 feet, the tower in the centre of the front projects 4 feet more, making the whole length 95 feet. The height above the pavement to the eaves is 41 feet, and to the ridge of the roof 62 feet. The height of the spire from the pavement to the final is 170 feet. The lot of ground is 100 feet square, and the excavations have been made out of the solid rock. The auditory is 61 by 77 feet, and 38 feet high. The side galleries extend the whole length of the auditory, but do not connect at the front. The front is occupied by the organ balcony, which is at a greater elevation than the side galleries. The balcony is curvilinear on the plan, and is supported by ornamental cantilevers. The side galleries project over their supporting columns for a good part of their width, in such a manner as to present a more light and graceful appearance than by the ordinary method. The number of seats in the auditory is as follows: on the lower floor 766, in the side galleries 226, and in the organ balcony 8; giving accommodations for seating just 1,000 persons. The interior of the church is admirably painted in the modern Italian style of fresco, by those excellent artists, Gugiari and Crescionini, who have but lately introduced the style into this country. All interior projections of cornices, and all angles, have been avoided in the auditory, the walls being perfectly plain, and the angles rounded off in large curves, to obtain every advantage in respect to sound. The organ, which is a very superior instrument of 28 stops, is from the factory of Messrs. Jardine & Son. Mr. Laas has received the appointment of organist. In arranging the gas lights, the object in view has been to interpose as few lights as possible between the audience and the speaker. For this reason, 24 lights under reflectors have been placed immediately under the ceiling, and the usual chandeliers dispensed with. In the basement there is a lecture room, a school room, an infant class room, a session room, and a conference room. The size of the lecture room is 38 by 44 feet, but so arranged by a sliding partition as to be enlarged when occasion requires to 44 by 76 feet, by connecting the school room with it. The school room is also 38 by 44 feet, and connected by sliding doors with the infant class room, which is 16 by 29 feet. The session room is 15 by 16 feet, and the conference room 13 by 16 feet. The basement is 10 feet 6 inches high. The building and furniture has cost about \$40,000. The mason work has been executed by Cummings H. Tucker, Esq., and the carpenter work by William S. Hunt, Esq.

SUBAQUEOUS LAMP.

SEVERAL attempts have been made from time to time to construct a lamp that would burn under water, without the desired object being attained till lately. In Paris an electric light machine was fitted up that answered the purpose, as far as light was concerned; but the expense was too great to allow of its general application. The object has now been attained by Herr Karl Kohn, and the engraving shows the simplicity of the apparatus. It is intended to make examinations of wrecks and impediments to navigation at the mouths of harbors. The inventor anticipates being able to sink it to the depth of 60 to 100 feet, without the chance of its being extinguished. Like most useful inventions, this seems to have originated from a simple idea. It is well known that fish will come to a light at night; and this mode of poaching is extensively practised in Scotland for catching salmon, and is called "burning the water." In the lamp in question, the effect upon the finny inhabitants is greater than the torch at the bows of the boat. The lamp is sunk to a considerable depth, and fish of all sizes, with laudable curiosity, are attracted by the novelty of the affair. When a large company is collected, the lamp is gradually raised, the fish following; and then, when at a convenient depth, the best are taken with hand-nets.

Description of the Lamp:—a A two exhausting bellows, by which a current of air is produced. b A double cranked tin tube fixed to the boat, on which the bellows work. c The supply pipe for the fresh air to feed the flame. d The lamp itself, with glass air-tight case. e The small pipe to which the tube c is fixed to the lamp. f The tube by which the deoxidised air passes to the bellows (this tube springs from the cover, which is hermetically closed upon the glass case containing the light). g g Two small openings to supply a draught till the lamp is ready for use. h Weight to sink the lamp. i A wire to raise or lower the lamp.

SUBMARINE CABLE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI.—Mr. Wilson, Superintendent of the Mississippi Telegraph, successfully laid a submarine cable across the Mississippi river at St. Lewis, on Wednesday. The cable was imported from England, and is of sufficient strength to render communication entirely permanent and reliable. It has three conducting wires, and is in every respect similar to the one crossing the English channel from Dover to Calais.

FOR SEBASTOPOL.—The schooner Silver Key, Capt. Currier, sailed from Boston on the 6th, bound for Sebastopol. She has on board a party of caulkers, carpenters and engineers, to be employed raising the sunken Russian men of war and in repairing them.

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FREDRICKS' TEMPLE OF ART.

HALLOTYPE, PHOTOGRAPH, DAQUERRETYPE, AMBROTYPE, 508 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

JOHN BISHOP HALL, The Inventor and Patentee of the HALLOTYPE, would respectfully inform the Public that his gallery is at FREDRICKS' TEMPLE OF ART, 508 Broadway, and that he has no connection with any other establishment. 70-72

GREAT AND UNUSUAL INDUCEMENTS.

—In fine class Engravings will be made until further notice on all CASE PURCHASES OF LOOKING-GLASSES, PICTURE-FRAMES, ENGRAVINGS, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, &c., &c., which will be sold, independently of the reduction, at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES, and the privilege of selecting said reduction from an immense stock and great variety of FINE ARTS.

GIVE TO EACH PURCHASER, WILLIAMS, STEVENS, WILLIAMS & CO., No. 353 Broadway, N. Y. 70-72

THE AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPH.

THIS UNEQUALLED PICTURE, TAKEN BY MEADE BROTHERS, (Four Doors above the Astor House.) KINE MEDALS AWARDED. 71-74

MISCELLANEOUS.

FINE, beautiful hair, jet black or brown.
Or tresses curling and glossy, as the certain result, without chance or doubt, Of the use of LYON'S KATHARON.

The immense and unprecedented sale of this unequalled preparation for the Hair—nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year—attests its great excellence and superiority. The ladies universally pronounce it the best article ever used. It restores, preserves and beautifies the Hair, prevents it from turning gray, cleanses it from all scurf and dandruff, makes it soft, curly and glossy, and imparts to it a delightful perfume. Sold by all respectable dealers, everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle. The public are cautioned against imitation by worthless imitations and counterfeits. Always ask for LYON'S KATHARON.

HEATH, WYNKOP & CO., Proprietors and Perfumers, 43 Liberty street, New York. 60-62

35,000,000 SPLENDID CARPETS.

FOR THE MILLION, AT HIRSH ANDERSON'S, the spacious sales rooms, No. 99 Bovey, N. Y. CELEBRATED LAKEPORT AND CHAMPEL ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

LIST OF PRICES.
English Medallion Carpets with Borders. 11s & 12s
do. Royal Velvet do. 12s & 13s
do. Tapestry Brussels do. 10s & 11s
do. Ingrain Carpets do. 8s & 9s
do. American do. 6s & 7s
do. English Oil Cloth 4s & 5s per yard
do. American do. 3s & 4s
do. Gold Window Shades 1s & 2s
do. Painted do. 1s & 2s
do. Rugs 12s, 20s, 30s, 40s
Mats from 4s. to 20s each.

SALES ROOM, No. 10, PATENT TAPESTRY INLAIN CARPETS.

Gold, Plain, White Buff and Scroll Window Shades at 4s, 12s, 20s, 40s, to \$10 per pair. Table and Piano Covers, Silver and Brass Stair Rugs, Parlor Door Mats, Clock Matting, also at 4s, 6s, 8s. White and Check Canton Matting, etc. 65-73

HIRSH ANDERSON, 99 Bovey, N. Y.

“THE PACIFIC,” 489 WASHINGTON STREET.

OPPOSITE SPRING STREET MARKET, NEW YORK.
J. A. FARHIE has been to the Pacific, and the public in general that he has entered upon the above premises, where he has laid in an extensive stock of Wines, Liquors, Segars, &c., of the first quality, and trusts, by strict attention to business, to receive a share of the public patronage which it will ever be his study to deserve.

ON DRUGS.
TAYLOR'S XX ALBANY CREAM AIR.

DR. TAYLOR'S PHOSPHORIZED BALSAM.

OF LIVERWORT.—Remedy for Tubercular Consumption. References given proving it a certain specific, if directions are followed. For sale by G. J. LEEKS, Drug Importer, 124 William st.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA, THE BEST

SPRING MEDICINE.—This pleasant, simple and most efficacious vegetable remedy for purifying the blood and the cure of scrofulous and cutaneous diseases, may be taken at this season with the greatest benefit by persons, whose system is affected by the use of it to obtain the original and genuine article, prepared and sold by A. B. D. SANDS, No. 109 Fulton street, New York.

CHICHESTER'S DYSPEPSIA SPECIFIC

Removes without purging all irregularities of the Stomach, such as Piles, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Pains in the Breast, and Constipation. Made from garden vegetables. One or two drops in water at a dose, 50 cents per bottle, by all druggists. Depot, 21 Wall st. New York.

WIGS AND ALL ARTICLES OF HUMAN

HAIR, at BARKER'S Great Wig and Hair Exposition 499 Broadway, sole office for the sale of the celebrated Hair Dye, warranted not to stain the skin nor hurt the hair. Orders through Express attended to with punctuality and in a satisfactory manner. Please cut this out. 12 mo 22-75

ARE YOU GETTING BALD?—DO YOU

wish your hair to be soft and silky? Mothers! shall your children have good heads of hair? Use Bogie's celebrated Hyperion Fluid. Should the color be unpleasant, Bogie's Electric Hair Dye will magically change it to a black or brown of the most natural description. These articles are warranted the best in the world. Sold by the proprietor, W. BOGIE, Boston, and Agents throughout the world. 71-73

PHALON'S MAGIC HAIR DYE.—One of the

very best Natural Dyes in the world. Its long use has proved it to be beyond comparison; and, being a vegetable production, no injury can possibly be done to the skin. It is easily applied, and you can obtain a black or a brown which the best judges will tell it from nature. Price, \$1 and \$1.50 per box. Made and sold by E. PHALON, at 197 Broadway, corner of Bay street, and 517 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y., and all Druggists and Fancy Stores throughout the United States. 60-62

PHALON'S CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR.

FOR THE HAIR.—The most complete article of the kind ever before offered to the public. It has stood the test of twenty years in this country, and not one of the many hundreds of imitations have been able to compete with it for preserving, growing, and beautifying the hair, and keeping the head clear from dandruff, &c. It is (unlike) in short, it is everything the hair requires. Price, 30c. and \$1 per bottle. Made and sold by E. PHALON, at 197 Broadway, corner of Bay street, and 517 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y., and all Druggists and Fancy Stores throughout the United States. 60-62

PHALON'S PAPHIAN LOTION, OR FLORAL

BEAUTIFIER.—A great Cosmetic for beautifying the Skin and Complexion, and for curing Chapped Hands, Feet, Lips, Yaws, Scrofula, Freckles, Pimples, Grease, Burns, &c. A sure and safe cure for the Piles—once washing will give instant relief. After shaving, it is very soothing to the skin. It keeps the hands soft and white, and for all inflammation of the skin it will be found to be a great remedy. Price, 25c. per bottle. Made and sold by E. PHALON, at 197 Broadway, corner of Bay street, and 517 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y., and all Druggists and Fancy Stores throughout the United States. 60-62

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE

AGE.—It seldom occurs that we notice, under any circumstances, patent medicines, restoratives, or anything of the kind, for we have a prejudice against most of them. But consider complete us to invite attention to Fock Wood's Hair Restorative. We are too juvenile to require anything of the kind, but some instances of its use have come to knowledge which convince us that it is a sovereign remedy against most of them. But consider complete us to invite attention to Fock Wood's Hair Restorative. We are too juvenile to require anything of the kind, but some instances of its use have come to knowledge which convince us that it is a sovereign remedy against most of them. But consider complete us to invite attention to Fock Wood's Hair Restorative. We are too juvenile to require anything of the kind, but some instances of its use have come to knowledge which convince us that it is a sovereign remedy against most of them. 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TESTIMONIAL TO CAPT. J. A. RICARD.

HON. ISAAC TOUCEY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The Hon. Isaac Toucey, the newly-appointed Secretary of the Navy, is a native of the State of Connecticut, and was born in the year 1795. After receiving a thorough education he decided to follow the profession of law, and was always remarkable for his studious habits and close attention to business. Although possessing the first order of mental power, he never distinguished himself as a speaker, and consequently became what is called a "chamber lawyer," of which position, in his native State, he was the acknowledged head. Although occupying a most distinguished position in Connecticut, Mr. Toucey possessed no national reputation until appointed for a short period Attorney-General of the United States, by President Polk, succeeding Mr. Clifford, who was sent Commissioner to Mexico. He came more prominently before the public, however, on his election for a short term to the United States Senate, which term expired at the close of the last Congress. In the action of the Senate upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Mr. Toucey took the extreme "Southern ground," and distinguished himself for his ability and zeal, creating the most intense opposition to him among the members of the Republican party, particularly in the minds of them residing in his own State, which gave an overwhelming majority for Fremont for President. However much individuals may differ with Mr. Toucey in regard to political matters, all agree that he is able, honest and fearless; and being a man of most excellent business habits, there cannot be a doubt but that he will fill his present high position with honor to himself and credit to his country.

THE BELL OF THE OLD BRICK CHURCH.

For the especial benefit of our "oldest inhabitants" we give a spirited drawing of the old bell which hung so long in the steeple of the Old Brick Church. It was presented to the church by Col. Abraham De Peyster, a prominent citizen of New York, and an influential member of the Reformed Dutch Church. He died in 1728, while the church was in the process of being built, and directed in his will that a bell should be procured at his expense

from Holland for the new edifice. It was made at Amsterdam in 1731, and it is said that a number of citizens of that place cast in quantities of silver coin in the preparation of the bell metal. The following is the inscription on the bell:

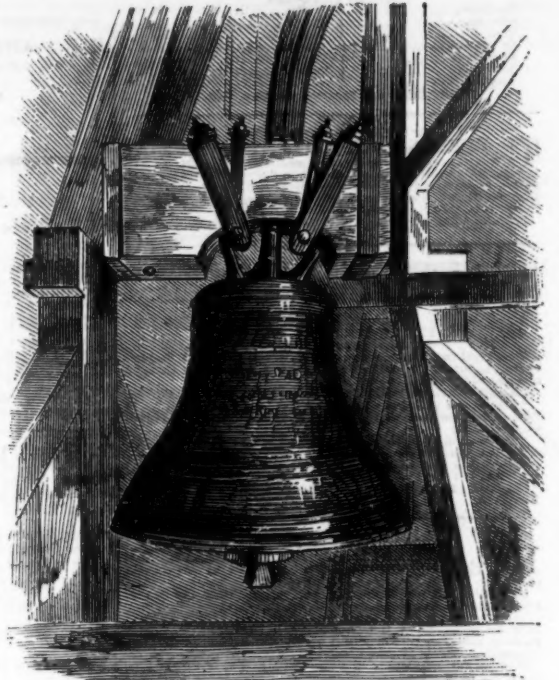
Me fecerunt De Gravé et N. Muller, Amsterdam, Anno 1731.
Abraham De Peyster, geboren (born) den 8 July, 1657, gestorven (died) den 8 Augustus, 1728.



ISAAC TOUCEY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY. FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY WHITEHURST.

Een legaat aan de Nederduytsche Kerk e, New York. (A legacy to the Low Dutch Church at New York.)

Soon after the British took possession of New York they converted the Middle Church into a riding school for their dragoons by removing the pulpit, gallery, pews and flooring, when the father of Col. Abraham De Peyster obtained from the commander-in-chief, Lord Howe, permission to take down the bell. This he stored in a secure and secret place, where it remained some years after the British army evacuated the city. When the church was repaired and reopened he brought forth the old bell from its hiding-place, and restored it to its rightful position. The church in Garden street was erected in 1793, and the next year a silver baptismal basin was procured. This ancient vessel is still used in the church on the Fifth avenue, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. McAuley. It is in this church that the corporate title of the South Reformed Dutch Church is handed down.



BELL OF THE OLD BRICK CHURCH, NEW YORK.

The bell continued with the church in Nassau street till it was closed in 1844 for religious uses, and leased to the United States government for the city Post-office. It was then removed to the church on Ninth street, near Broadway, where it remained till 1855, when that church was relinquished to a new and distinct organization. It was then placed in the church on Lafayette Place, where it will remain giving forth its silver tones, which have been already sounded in this city for more than a century and a quarter.

TESTIMONIAL TO CAPT. J. A. RICARD.

It is a noble and exalted gratification that a citizen feels when, upon retiring from a responsible office, he is followed by warm tokens of regard from those with whom he has been associated.

Capt. Ricard, until quite recently, was attached to the Police department of the city government, and organized and brought into successful action the first company of Municipal Corps. Few equalled Capt. Ricard, and none surpassed him in the performance of his duties. Upon retiring from those with whom he had been more immediately connected, they conceived the idea of getting up some token of esteem for their friend and late commander, and the result was a magnificently-illuminated testimonial, which we have had ambrotyped and engraved for this number of our paper. The reading of the testimonial is as follows: "When in the history of associations of a voluntary character the force of circumstances compel the body of men to sever their connection with one to whom they have long been accustomed, with feelings of the highest gratification and confidence, to look for instruction and advice, and with whom such connection has been the source not only of advantage and profit, but of the most unlimited pleasure and satisfaction, it becomes a duty which they owe alike to themselves, their comrades, and their mutual friends, to testify in a tangible manner to the sentiments of esteem and regard which they entertain for him whose place is vacant, as well as to their feelings of sorrow and regret at the loss which they have sustained. And whereas our laws render it obligatory upon us to accept the resignation which our late commandant, J. A. Ricard, has from untoward circumstances found it necessary to present to his corps, it is therefore Resolved, that it is with no ordinary feelings of regret that we find ourselves compelled to part with our late captain, in whose untiring energy, patience and perseverance we recognise the origin and successful existence of the first company of Municipal Corps, in whose inflexible fidelity and self-denying devotion we find the cause of our pre-

Concluded on page 326.